

From the British Quarterly Review.

Representative Men. Seven Lectures. By R. W. EMERSON. London: J. Chapman. 1850.

It is not necessary to inform our readers that Mr. Emerson is an American. He became known in England, a few years ago, as the writer of "Essays"—his second volume under that title being introduced by commendatory observations from Mr. Carlyle. We remember reading the Essays, and also some Orationes, and a volume of Poems, by the same author. We have had but one opportunity of seeing and hearing him. It was the year before last, when he was delivering, in England, the lectures which are printed in the volume before us. He is too remarkable a man to be altogether forgotten, or remembered without interest. He has not attained the kind of celebrity he enjoys without labor; and we have inquired, not unnaturally, who he is, and what sort of work he has been doing in this world. All that we know of his outward life is soon said; he was educated, at (New) Cambridge, for the church among the Unitarians, and was, we cannot say for how long a time, the minister of a congregation at Boston. His preaching was not in any way remarkable. His reputation was that of a worthy and exemplary citizen. Some private opinions, affecting one of the sacraments, induced him to abandon the clerical profession, and employ himself in farming. His Orationes and Addresses indicate a respectable, if not an official, connection with Divinity College, Cambridge, with Dartmouth College, and with Waterville College, Maine. We infer from his writings that he knows, by experience, the relations of brother, husband, and father.

The lectures here published, attracted some attention in England, as well as in the chief cities in Scotland. Most of his other writings we have met with in several cheap forms, and we believe they are read somewhat extensively, especially by young men, who are great admirers of that freshness of mind which breathes, as they think, through his compositions, and who can hardly fail to be taken by the beautiful thoughts and the rich words which they often present. We may say of these lectures, they are worthy of the author—that is, they are as good as anything he has written, better in some respects, though less elaborate and less brilliant. As we wish to pronounce a judgment on the writer, *as a whole*, and, indeed, on the entire class of writers to whom we conceive that he belongs, we may have an opportunity of gathering illustrations of our meaning from several of his productions as well as from the last. Our principal concern, however, is with the last. Here are seven lectures—On the Uses

of Great Men; Plato, or the Philosopher; Swedenborg, or the Mystic; Montaigne, or the Sceptic; Shakspeare, or the Poet; Napoleon, or the Man of the World; Goethe, or the Writer. The title, the names selected, and a certain tone, both of thought and phraseology, remind one of the "Hero-worship" of Carlyle. We take such things as they come, doing our best to sift them; using the good as we have opportunity, and calling the false, the bad, and the pernicious, when we find them, by their right names, according to our sober way of thinking.

We are tempted at the outset to say to this brother in letters—how came you not to have seen, with the first glance, that *one* use of great men is to teach little men to be modest and unaffected, and particularly to talk, or write, or act, in a way which shows what they mean? The great men of the past, or of the day which now is, strike us greatly by the simplicity, the oneness, the perspicuity, and the earnestness of their character. Their greatness is not darkness; not the multiplication of pieces of Mosaic put together with infinite labor; nor a monstrous exaggeration of some natural thought or propensity; and so, worthy friend, if you wish to teach us the "uses of great men," do not mislead us in the act of looking at them, by making us think of the painter and his palette, instead of the grand original he professes to present. But the wide Atlantic rolls between us, and we are, moreover, not on those terms which would warrant us in taking such a liberty with Mr. Emerson, who, we suppose, would not be more surprised than other men of genius at finding his own name enrolled among the great; therefore we resist the temptation, which we confess is not weak, to hold an imaginary dialogue with him concerning these Representative Men, and we pass on to the less lively duty of putting down the thoughts which we have had within ourselves, while we have been reading what he has written. Stripped of the mannerism and the embellishments, of which we say nothing at present, the first lecture amounts to thus much: Mankind are ever in pursuit of great men. Religions, Christianity included, are the deifications of great men. Every man seeks a great man who is as different as possible from himself. Great men mind their own business, find their proper place, and each occupies the rank to which he belongs. Their service to other men is not direct, but indirect; and they represent, first, *things*; and, secondly, *ideas*. Great men represent *things* by having a secret liking for them, and by being, in fact, identified with them. Huber was a great bee; Euclid a great line; Newton a great fluxion; Gilbert a great magnet; Sir Humphry Davy a great gas. Then, we sympathize with these great men; and,

by the excitement of our intellect and of our affections, by the biographies of the dead, and by the example of the living, we are benefited by them. The tendency to overrate great men is checked by the individualisms of genius, by a species of rotation in the laws of nature, but, most of all, by the power of the *idea* itself, which the great have obeyed as well as represented. Mr. Emerson sees in the power of great men something which wears the appearance of injustice to the many. The compensation for this inequality he finds in the belief that every man's turn will come—*somewhere*, in the notion that each shares in the greatness of the greatest, and especially in what he calls "the central identity of all the individuals," who "are made of the substance which ordaineth and doeth," whatever that may mean. It seems to mean a good deal; for it is the key to all the enigmas both in the prose and the poetry of this author; it is the "genius of humanity"—the "exponent of a vaster mind and will"—"the qualities which abide, when the men who have expressed them have now, more or less, passed away"—the "destiny of organized nature"—the "over soul."

In the expression of opinions about great men, we have not discovered any comprehensive views of human nature—any depth of insight, subtle analysis, or force of thought; on the contrary, everything is common-place, except the want of that clear method, and that distinct enunciation, which we have been accustomed to regard as qualities of some value in the instructions given by a public teacher. The chief peculiarities we observe in Mr. Emerson's manner are, we must say, open to various objections; some of them are worthy of grave rebuke, and they will be severely condemned by moral and religious minds. It can scarcely be without some significance that he speaks of "Christianity" and "Judaism," along with "Buddhism" and "Mahomedanism," as *the necessary structural action of the human mind*. If he does not intend us to understand that Christianity is *merely* the effect of this "structural action," it is a pity that he should have said so; if he does intend us to understand it thus, he *must know* that this is untrue—that it is impossible; and that to hint so monstrous a misrepresentation is to tamper with the highest interests of humanity—ay, with interests which are too sacred to be approached by any man without trembling reverence. When he classes "prophecy" with "magical power" as "agreeable to the early belief of men," the unworthy insinuation is too gross and palpable to escape the most superficial reader. Of the same character is the misrepresentation implied in the gratuitous innuendo—"Churches believe in imputed merit." We are not disposed to yield our understanding, or our judgment, to a writer whose complacency is gratified by putting into print such sentences as the following:—

In the history of discovery, the ripe and latent Truth seems to have fashioned a brain for itself. A magnet must be made man, in some Gilbert or

Swedenborg, or Oersted, before the general mind can come to entertain its powers! * * The gases gather to the solid firmament; the chemic lump arrives at the plant, and grows; arrives at the quadruped, and walks; arrives at man, and thinks. But also the constituency determines the vote of the representative. He is not merely representative, but participant. Like can only be known by like. The reason why he knows about them is, that he is of them; he has just come out of nature from being a part of that thing. Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc knows of zinc. Their quality makes his career, and he can variously publish their virtues *because they compose him*. Man made of the dust of the world does not forget his origin, and all that is yet inanimate will one day speak and reason. Unpublished nature will have its whole secret told. Shall we say that quartz mountains will pulverize into innumerable Werners, Von Buchs, and Beaumonts, and the labyrinth of the atmosphere hold in solution I know not what Berzeliuses and Davys?

Were we not afraid of appearing to attach more importance to this jargon than we really do, we might make a pretty business here by a little analysis and a little analogy, and by asking this lecturer and his admirers one or two plain questions. But, at present, we forbear. The lecture on "Plato, or the Philosopher," is disfigured by pretension, exaggeration, and bad taste; it is, also, extremely shallow. Those who have never studied the famous Greek in his own language, will gather but a feeble and inaccurate impression of either his excellences or his defects from this New Cambridge expounder. His representation may be expressed in a few sentences. Plato, according to Mr. Emerson, is the original from which all other books are drawn, and contains them all. He absorbed the learning of his own times, and blended the elements of Asia with those of Europe. Unity and variety are the cardinal facts of philosophy. The conception of the fundamental unity abounds in the religious writings of the East; this he calls "the gravitation of mind." But activity of mind, which is "the power of nature," leads backwards to diversity. The East has its fate and its caste, the West its culture, freedom, and trade; Plato was "the balanced soul" that united those opposite poles of humanity by his perfect synthesis. This power of synthesis he used with a "palatial air," with earnestness, piety, probity, reverence for justice, and a tender humanity, with a vast sweep of imagination, and always with the fit word, with wit of every kind, with wondrous moderation, and with "a great common sense." The use of all other sciences is taught by Dialectics. Plato delighted in intellectual culture, yet relied on *Nature* and adored the *Divine*. He reduced all the operations of the soul to conjecture, faith, understanding, reason. Beauty is most lovely, but wisdom is more beautiful than beauty. God alone can teach wisdom; and virtue is not a lesson, but an inspiration.

Socrates is described, not unhappily, as "the organ through which every considered opinion shall be announced, (enounced,)" and the master and the "robed scholar" are spoken of as "making

each other immortal in their mutual faculty." The faults which Mr. Emerson finds in Plato are two—his writings have not the vital authority which "*the screams of prophets, and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess*;" and he has not a system: his theory of the universe is not complete, not consistent, and no one can tell what Platonism is: notwithstanding, Plato is "truest seen when seen with most respect."

Under the head of "New Readings," Mr. Emerson enlarges his meditations on Plato, for which he takes occasion from "the excellent translations of Plato" in Mr. Bohn's serial library. Whether the lecturer was now for the first time made familiar with the reading of the Republic or not, we cannot tell, and it is not our business to insinuate suspicions; but how this new translation of a book, which has been familiar to scholars, both in the original and in Latin translations, time out of mind, could have suggested "New Readings," is a matter which our vulgar English scholarship must leave among dark things.

Our learned brother has met with some other books, which have done him much more service than Carey's translations of Plato, and which, perchance, he may have studied nearly as much as he has studied Plato, though there was no apparent necessity for telling his audience how much he has borrowed from them—we mean, the very superficial, fanciful, and mischievous class of books represented by "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*." By aid of a philosophy which is opposed to the sound principles and acknowledged facts of natural history, especially of palæontology, this profound lecturer on the Greek philosopher thinks he can explain the natural history of Plato in the "fatal and beautiful succession of men, so that he does not" (like the worthies whom minerals, magnets, bees, lichens, pears, atomic forms, lines, and fluxions, chose as their representatives, somewhat out of time, by two or three thousand years, or so) "represent anything less than the intellectual privilege of carrying up every fact to successive platforms." The moral conclusions of Plato are given in a dry, imperfect manner; and his account of Plato's definition of ideas, proves that he has never studied that essential principle of Plato's philosophy, and almost proves that it belongs to a department of study with which he has no sympathy nor familiarity, and in which, to speak plainly, he is altogether out of his element, or beyond his depth. His strongest reprobation of what he cannot approve in Plato, is expressed in words which are given *à la Carlyle*: "I am sorry to see him, after such superiorities, permitting the lie to governors. Plato plays Providence! a little, with the baser sort, as people allow themselves with their dogs and their cats." How sagacious! How elegant! How moral! How reverential!

As an example of Mr. Emerson's acquaintance with Plato, if not with other things of which he speaks with the wonted superciliousness of men who set up in these days for great thinkers, we must ask our readers to let us try our hand on a

short homily, of which Mr. Emerson shall supply the text: "Calvinism is in his Phædo, Christianity is in it."—p. 28.

This brief sentence imports that the writer wishes us to consider him as one well acquainted with three things, of one of which he affirms that the other two are in it. We need not go higher in the context than to observe that the author has been making a parade of showing that Plato is philosophy, and that philosophy is Plato, and that the *thinkers* of all nations are his posterity, and are tinged with his mind; in proof of which he mentions—*first*, the Alexandrians; *secondly*, the Elizabethans, including, so we take it, nine worthy Englishmen, of whom one lived before Elizabeth, and all the others flourished in a later period of English letters; *thirdly*, "the illustrious Marcilius Ficinus," and Picus (whom he ought to have called Pico) of Mirandola; and, *fourthly*, in addition to this catalogue of ill-considered names, he says, in the text, "*Calvinism is in his Phædo, Christianity is in it*." The writer may suppose, for aught that appears, that his word is enough for this; or that it is so true, and so well known to be true, that he needs only mention it: or, that, whether it be true or not true, it is so smart a thing to say, and hits both Calvin, and another writer, whose name we do not like to repeat in this connection, so hard and so well deserved a blow, that it is better to strike the blow than not to strike it. Well, then, What is Calvinism? What is Christianity? What is Plato's Phædo? This lecturer does not say what either of the three is; but what he does say, it would not become so wise a man to say, if he did not know very well what they all are. Now we can only deal with the text itself, and, to our best understanding, its meaning is—that there is nothing in Calvinism which is not in the Phædo, and there is nothing in Christianity which is not in the Phædo; from which we infer that, as Christianity began to be taught more than three hundred years after Plato died, the teachers of Christianity were indebted to the Phædo for their peculiar doctrines—or Christianity; and that Calvin, who began to teach some fifteen hundred years later still, was indebted for whatever he taught, which is *not* Christianity, to the same source, as well as for the Christianity which he taught, if he taught Christianity at all. Both these things must be true, if the text be true. Assuming that the text is true, we should be glad to have it in our power to tell you, honored reader, by what remarkable process the wise man, who is here teaching us, came to the knowledge of the curious fact that "the unlettered Jews," and "the good Jesus," (of whom the "perhaps not bad-hearted Voltaire" said—"I pray you let me never hear that man's name again,")—were students of the Greek philosopher; or that some kind rabbi (like Mr. Carey and his predecessors in Germany, France, and England) had "done into" Aramaic, or into Latin, this fountain of the Gospel, and that it was the theme of lectures on the margin of Genesareth, on the heights of Tabor, or amid the

gardens of Olivet ; but that the Nazarene and his well drilled pupils never deemed it prudent to tell the simple men who heard them, whence their wisdom came. Unless something of this kind be *supposed*, we do not understand in what way it was possible that Christianity should be in the Phædo. It can scarcely be necessary to prove to any student of the Christian writings that there is not the shadow of evidence in the documents themselves, that *they* are the productions of an artificer so entirely at variance with the simplicity, integrity, and straightforward manliness of the first teachers. Equally unnecessary would it be to prove to the scholar who is conversant with the *literature of the Hebrews of that age*, that the doctrines of the Phædo—supposing them to be identical with those of Christianity—had in any other way reached the mind of Jesus and his disciples, so as insensibly to mould them. If Christianity be in the Phædo, Christianity must be derived from the Phædo, directly or indirectly ; but there is no evidence, either literary or historical, that such was the fact ; on the contrary, the evidence of the whole case is in proof that it was not, and that it could not be. The lecturer, however, may mean, not that Christianity is drawn from the Phædo, but that it was anticipated by it ; that its doctrines were taught by Socrates and Plato in Athens, three hundred years before they were taught by Jesus in Judea, and by John in Asia Minor. Let us take it so. If this is what is meant, then is it also meant that Christianity was not original, not *taught for the first time* by Jesus ; that it was not a divine revelation, but the fruit of human reasoning ; that if Jesus had never lived, or taught, all that is in Christianity would have been known ; and, by consequence, that the reader of the Phædo has no occasion for the Gospels. One exception, we presume, even Mr. Emerson would make—or rather, has made—namely, that the Christianity of Plato wanted the “vital authority,” which he says “the screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess.” What the value of that authority may be, however, in this gentleman’s estimation, our readers may gather if they can from the choice diction with which he has described it—it is the “vital authority,” not of wisdom, goodness, or inspiration, but of “screams,” or of the illiteracy which was common to Arabs and Jews in their sermons.

This style of referring to prophets—Isaiah, Micah, and Daniel, for example, and to sermons—the sermon on the Mount and those at Mecca apparently classed together—is an average sample of this writer’s discrimination and learning, and an equally fair specimen of his reverence for the true, the good, and the divine. It is very satisfactory, truly, to be told that “an oak is not an orange.” Indeed ! of course this explains the difference between Plato and the screaming prophets and unlettered Jews ; and of course it explains how it came to pass that the orange is in the oak—Christianity in the Phædo ! It is really pleasant to find the discipline in logic, in taste,

and in morals, for which Plato is so highly lauded, thus amply illustrated by a modern admirer ; and it does one good to see that the tendency to exaggeration which we Europeans had been so apt to ascribe to our friends over the water is so charmingly corrected by philosophy ! Weighty words are these from a prophet who *never* screams, from a preacher who is neither an unlettered Arab, nor an unlettered Jew, but a civilized and polished descendant of the good old pilgrim fathers :—“Christianity is in the Phædo ;” *weighty words !*—which we have hitherto *assumed* to be true—as most of the readers probably will take that for granted, and as, certainly, the lecturer himself expects us all to do.

But we, British Quarterly Reviewers, having some objections against taking any saying for granted that is capable of being *tested*, are wayward enough to question the text itself, and to ask, is it so ? Does the Phædo contain Christianity ? Not being acquainted with any other test than the very obvious one, somewhat antique indeed, yet much respected by philosophers, and not less by practical men, of *bringing the two things together*, we have done this, and behold the upshot of our comparison :—*Christianity is not in the Phædo.* The worthy lecturer has either mistaken what Christianity is, or what the Phædo is, or—which is the judgment to which the examination of the matter has conducted us—he *intentionally* depreciates the one, for the purpose of unduly exalting the other. Our meaning is, this writer—from whatever motives—has done that which, had we done ourselves, we should boldly avow as an *intended* lowering of Christianity in the presence of the great philosopher of Athens. Assuredly, if he or any other man, having clear intellect, and sufficient information, believes that he is serving truth by enunciating such conclusions, it is neither our province nor our wish to impute to him any motive which an honorable mind would disavow ; at the same time we cannot serve truth according to our conscience without protesting, as men and as scholars, against the entire method in which conclusions of such far-reaching import are scattered over the pages of such authors as the one with whose words we are now dealing. It is not the open, honest, self-relying method of either a truth-seeker or a truth-holder, to avoid analysis, argument, discussion, the history of systems and the collations of writings, and, instead of these acknowledged methods of ascertaining and propounding what is true, resorting to startling paradox, rash assertion, sly innuendo, ambiguous insinuations, ill-considered analogies, incoherent scraps from contradictory theories, juggling feats of blending things and persons as similar which are “wide as the poles asunder,” quietly stinging the vital powers of humanity, and distilling what may be poison, through the ear, into the very soul of the unsuspecting. Such a method is not masculine. It is not the method of the “great” masters in any art, in any science, or in any walk of learning. It is a method which has a closer

natural affinity with the false than with the true. It is admirably fitted to the grasp of the feeble, to the cunning of the timid, or to the heedlessness of the rash: the strong, the true-hearted, and the wise, have no occasion for it; and it is their familiar habit to loathe it, or to despise it. It may gain the suffrages of the ill-informed, of the generous though impatient youths, who fancy that *thinking* is somewhat beyond the range of intellectual discipline, and nowise dependent in the drudgery of *knowing*, and of all those persons who are fondly dreaming of some progress which the human race is to make in spite of the ascertained laws of our mental nature, and the tried capacities of our moral constitution; but unless Christianity be something *less* than the ancient gospel, or the Phædo something *more* than the philosophy of Plato, we maintain the direct negation of what the lecturer affirms; and we mean not to assert merely, as he has done, but to prove, (a kind of trouble which he spares both his hearers and himself,) that Christianity is *not* in the Phædo.

We are not at all disposed to yield to any reader, in loving admiration of the genius of Plato: his comprehensive philosophy; his exquisite skill; the easy force with which he unites the precision of the geometer and the freedom of the poet in his inexorable logic, and his inimitable rhetoric; the sagacity, the delicate yet withering irony, the vast compass, the compressed energy, the comic playfulness, the tragical earnestness, with which he demolishes the sophistries of mankind; and the high tone of manhood with which he lashes the artificial, the conventional, the empirical, of every land, in every age;—we sympathize, if it be not too presumptuous to say it, with the moral Laocoon, whose happier struggles with the terrible reality which men call death are depicted in a form more durable than the marble of the Rhodian sculptors, with a grace which the most elegant of poets has not improved,

Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos;

and our reason shares the tranquillity with which the great Athenian martyr meets the enemy with the fearlessness of hope, speaking of his soul departing to a place like itself, noble, pure, invisible, to be with God, the good, and the wise. We lay up in the garner of our hearts the human soul's persuasion of her immortality; we trace with joy and thankfulness the influence of this persuasion on the thoughts of men in after times, so that the conclusions, if not the reasonings, of the Phædo did not a little to draw them from the grossness of sensuality, and the vassalage of superstition, thus preparing them for the clearer light and the stronger proofs which attended the immeasurably larger discoveries of the gospel—but *there is no gospel in the Phædo*.

At an early period in the history of Christianity, the attempts to mingle the revealed truths of the gospel with the philosophy of Plato, or to confound the two together, combined with other causes, brought so many clouds over Christianity

as to obscure its very existence, and rendered necessary a long series of periodical efforts towards the restoration of her primal form, which have not yet ceased, and of which we see no prospect of an early close, firm as is our belief, and high our hope, that it will one day prevail, when Christianity—as Jesus meant it, as the apostles taught it, and as the New Testament embodies it—shall stand out by itself, borrowing nothing from human philosophy, but extinguishing all lesser lights, as well as pervading every region of darkness, by its own pure, divine, and ever-shining lustre.

At the beginning of Christianity as a complete system of thought and action, having reference to the divine and the human, and to the harmony of both, it is well known that one of the most subtle hostilities it had to encounter was the Platonic philosophy, modified by the speculations of the great school of Alexandria. It was contended *then*, that whatever is true in Christianity was in Platonism, and consequently, all in Christianity that was not there, was false or worthless.

It is certainly worth while to recollect some of the many evidences of this species of Platonic hostility to the gospel which abound in the remains of early Christian literature. Flavius Justinus, of Grecian descent, in Flavia Nicopolis, a Roman colony of Palestine, in Syria, sought to quench his thirst for *religious truth* in the most famous schools of Grecian philosophy. Having tried in vain the doctrines of the Stoics, of the Peripatetics, and of the Pythagoreans, he believed that he had attained the object of his pursuit in the doctrines of Plato. Captivated with the theory of ideas, and hoping soon to reach the sublime heights from which he might *gaze directly upon God*, he gave himself up to lonely contemplation by the sea-shore—whether at Alexandria or at Ephesus, it is unimportant to decide. One day his solitude was interrupted by the appearance of a venerable stranger, to whom he explained the nature of the studies which absorbed him. The stranger then said to him:—"Art thou a lover of words, but not of action or of truth, attempting to be a sophist, rather than a practical man?" Justin replied that, according to his judgment, there could be no worthier employment than that of philosophy, by which the true is discovered, and the false refuted, and from which alone happiness could flow. The stranger then showed him that philosophy, being limited to the pure reasonings of the intellect, might evolve the principles of numbers, of astronomy, of music, and of many arts, and by these means might arrive at the conviction that there must be a God, and that there are essential moral distinctions; but it could offer no foundation for the notion that the human soul has an intuitive power of immediately beholding God. Such a knowledge of God, he maintained, must be specially imparted by God himself, and learned from the instructions of those whom he has thus singularly favored. He also exposed the Platonic doctrine of the preëxistence and transmigration of souls as fanciful and use-

less; and he declared that the ground on which Plato affirmed the absolute and necessary immortality of the human soul was untenable, inasmuch as it is clearly possible that what had a beginning might have an end, though it *may* continue to exist forever, *if* such be the will of him who gave it being. As one who felt that a pleasing illusion was dispelled, that the ground he had imagined to be solid had melted like a cloud beneath his steps, Justin bitterly inquired, "If the truth is not in these doctrines, where shall one find a teacher? whence can the truth be learned?" The venerable man to whom he spoke, then hinted that the truth which he had vainly sought in the philosophies of Greece was treasured up in writings far older than these speculations, by holy men who had given proof that they were inspired by the Eternal Wisdom. Having uttered these words, he went on his way, and Justin was again alone. Deeply he pondered the words he had heard. He sought with eagerness the ancient writings, and meditated earnestly on their sublime predictions. He remembered, too, that at the very time when he was imbibing the doctrines of Plato, he had been strongly impressed with the superiority to the fear of death, and of all other dreaded evils, which he had witnessed among the calumniated Christians. He now sought their society; he embraced their doctrines; and, like other disappointed philosophers of his time, he joined himself to their community. Without abandoning his profession, or his costume, as a philosopher, or undertaking any office in the church,* he followed the bent of his mind as an ardent lover of knowledge, and the convictions of his judgment as a believer in Christianity, visiting the principal Christian communities in Italy, Asia Minor, and Egypt. He lived for a considerable time at Rome, ever ready to lead other inquirers into the way of truth, and boldly defending that truth against Jews, Pagans, and heretics, before emperors, and in the face of all the world. At length the constancy in suffering for the truth, which he had so ingenuously admired and so nobly vindicated in others, was gloriously illustrated by his own example. The simple narrative of his martyrdom is so free from the strange and exaggerated circumstances which so often disfigure the martyrologies of the church, that we cannot doubt its truth.

Here, then, is that very teacher who has been justly regarded as the father of the philosophic aspect which, in course of time, was given to Christianity. He found, or thought he found, in Christianity that truth which he had *not* found in the Phædo. In his exhortation to the Greeks (which is, by-the-by, argumentative rather than hortatory) he aims at the total destruction of the claims of the Grecian philosophy in general, and of the Platonic philosophy in particular, as a guide to the truth respecting God, whatever indis-

inct, partial, fragmentary, and borrowed harmony it might exhibit with some of the Christian doctrines. In opposition to the claims of philosophy, he contends for *the divine origination of Christianity*, grounding his main arguments, not on *the agreement of Christianity with philosophy*, but on the grandeur of its doctrines, its power over as many as believed it, and the long array of prophecies which preceded it, and of miracles, by which it was accompanied and commended to the belief of men. If Christianity had been in the Phædo, Justin would probably have found it there, as well as Mr. Emerson, and he would also have found the *power* of Christianity in the philosophy of Plato. But no competent writer, that we are aware of, has ever adduced *this* proof of the assertion, that Christianity is in the Phædo.

Though this claim was rejected by Justin and many other Christian writers, it continued long to be one of the favorite arguments of the most subtle enemies of Christianity, and those enemies were to some extent themselves followers of the Platonic philosophy, or, if not, they used it adroitly for their own ends.

We have a fancy for Mr. Emerson's notions of representative men. We do him the courtesy of presuming that he is no stranger to CELSUS, and to the class of men, not in his own age merely, but in this age, whom we think that writer represents. We will, with like courtesy, suppose him to know, what is familiar to every writer entitled to give forth oracles on these questions, that nearly the entire substance of the lost work of Celsus has been preserved in Origen's reply to it. We mean neither a compliment nor a sarcasm in supposing that, while casting about for constituencies and representatives, when meditating these lectures, the writer would scarcely have helped observing that, as in ancient times, so in his own time, there have been *thinkers* whose resemblance to Celsus is at least as striking as any of the ingenious resemblances on which his lectures are based. We will present a little sketch of the sort of men of whom we are thinking, and whom we treat without any intentional disrespect in saying that they could not, in our humble opinion, be more fittingly, or with greater honor, represented than by Celsus. The men we mean, then, are more or less imbued with the philosophy of Plato, and they think, or affect to think, that, as it anticipated Christianity, the earlier ought to supersede the later. They are not remarkably deficient in wit. Their intellect is sharp, rather piercing. They skim over a large surface, not being deep in their investigations, and too philosophical to be much in earnest about the truth—or, indeed, about anything else, except calling attention to themselves and their effusions. They are somewhat disgusted with the homeliness and absence of culture in the common people of the very unphilosophical generation on which it is their misfortune to have fallen, especially when these plain people, in their blunt ignorance, prefer to receive *on authority* the truths which their more enlightened neighbors

* It is true that Tillemont and other ecclesiastical writers speak of Justin as an ordained presbyter, but it is a surmise, not an ascertained fact.

profess to have attained by intuition, by reasoning, or by studying Plato. They are expert in discovering the mistakes, the disagreements, and the laughable doings or sayings, of these rude believers; and they can scarcely refrain from sighing over their miserable bondage to the unlucky eyes and ears which are the vulgar gates of knowledge, while they themselves are soaring above these low regions, and gazing and listening, *inwardly*, among the more dazzling sights and the more ghostly sounds which reveal to their intuitions the Absolute, the Real, and the True. Their aristocratic morality is shocked, almost beyond endurance, at the low, plebeian doctrine that bids the ignorant, the foolish, the men who know that they are not virtuous, and feel that they are not happy, believe the truths which will render them intelligent, wise, virtuous, and happy, by the divine power which is *in* them and connected with them. They loathe from their very heart the impertinence of the teaching which asserts the worth of individual man, and the odious cant of humility, and penitence, and mediation, and imputed merit. They profess no sympathy with the enthusiasm of the brain-sick fanatics to whom "The Name, which is ploughed into the heart of nations," has become the symbol of whatever is venerable, adorable, lovely, commanding, and inspiring; raising to celestial dignity the coarsest work men have to do on earth, and showing, through the mystery of death, the forthcoming of a glorious or a terrible hereafter. They see much to admire in Plato, in Dante, in Montaigne, in Shakspeare, in Voltaire, in Napoleon, in all philosophers, in all poets, all sceptics, all wits, all artists, all "*great men*;" but nothing, just nothing, in men whose commendation is that they honestly believe in Christianity, and, whether imbued or not with the elegant attractions of philosophic or æsthetic culture, are earnestly embodying the things which they believe to be divine, in such lives as Plato must have felt it an honor for his dramatic pencil to portray, and in such deaths as all good men might have wept tears of unutterable joy to see. They are lovers of the "*oscuro*," loving it all the better because it is unbroken with no more of the "*chiaro*" than is necessary to show how grandly dark it is. Their God is—nature, and their nature is—God. They are themselves—the universe. They can stoop to the vernacular, though it be with a groan which betrays the reluctance and the painfulness of the effort. They are even strong in terse, pointed, piquant phrase, when the stupid Christians, who have not learned their Christianity from Plato, are to be treated to a sight of their own ludicrousness, by a little pleasant caricature. They have some learning, some brilliancy of fancy, some sort of sense of human dignity, some eloquence, some poetry—gracefully shaded with swaggering ignorance, heavy masses of dulness, most obtrusive egotism, tiresome slowness of speech, heaps of balderdash, webs of fustian, and *plus quam sufficit* of FUDGE! Has our worthy lecturer never coped with men of this description in Boston or New York? and have they never

crossed his path in Berlin, in Paris, or in London? We should mightily enjoy the sight of their portraits from a painter whose outlines are so clear and whose coloring is so bright. If it should so happen that the gentleman knows more of them than his books declare, and that he is conscious of some personal claims as their "representative man," it is not for us to control the right of suffrage, or to damp his generous ambition; yet, since the freest constituents have a liking for brisk competition among candidates for their votes, we hope we may, without offence, remind *them* that something is due to the name of a philosopher so *thorough* as we respectfully assure them Celsus was; while we may hint, with becoming delicacy, that it might not be quite palatable to their brethren in Europe (to say nothing of those in Asia and in Africa, who long ago were absorbed into the Absolute) to have this choice determined by the infant-giants on that western continent, whose prodigious originality it is possible the oriental graybeards would take it into their heads to dispute or doubt, or, what perhaps is worse, gravely smile at, as one of the sublimities that are toppling over the edge of the ridiculous.

Leaving these worthies to settle their business in this matter according to their taste, we proceed to offer some considerations which induce us to think that Justin, and Jerome, and Augustine, had a good deal to say for themselves, though all they said may not bear handling with the wiry grasp of the Critical Philosophy, when they treated this old notion, that "*Christianity is in the Phædo*," as something more, and something *worse* than a mistake. We abide by the negative of this saying. We protest, in the name of knowledge, against this attempt to resuscitate an exploded folly of the past. Nor are we content with this. We do not take refuge in the fair resort of the logician, by declining to prove a negative, albeit no proof has been offered in these lectures in the affirmative. We think it is a good thing and an easy thing to prove that this old-world sneer against Christianity is as worthless in the English as it was in the Greek—as hollow, as blind, as false, in the nineteenth century as it was in the second. Let us look into the Phædo: it is worth looking into. Let us see what Christianity is; there is *something* in it; it courts, it deserves, our independent scrutiny.

The Phædo, as our readers are likely to know, is one of those charming dialogues in which the great intellect of Plato exhibits the great intellect of Socrates, in its final grappling with the sublimest truth to which philosophy had then aspired—the immortality of man. A nobler occupation can scarcely be conceived. A few select friends of Socrates spend the last day with him in his prison, and Phædo relates to Echecrates the conversation which four of them, two in particular, held with their revered teacher, Phædo himself being present, but Plato absent, apparently from sickness. On the previous day the annual embassy had returned from Delos, and the interval between the sentence and the death of Socrates was ended, and on that

morning they were admitted to his presence somewhat earlier than before. By a simple train of observations, naturally suggested by the situation of Socrates, they are led to the main theme. He gives his reasons for thinking that a man ought not to lay violent hands on himself; and he then proceeds to vindicate, before these friends, his hope that something better than this life awaited him after death. As he had given himself to the meditations of philosophy, he had, in reality, devoted himself to death, because he had freed his soul, as much as in him lay, from communion with the body, by retiring from the disturbance of the senses to its own pure reasonings, thus gradually approaching that purification which would be perfected by his separation from the body. On these grounds he repined not at the approach of death; on the contrary, he regarded it as the consummation of his efforts as a philosopher. To these views of the soul's existence after death, Cebes objects that the soul, as well as the body, perishes in death. Socrates replies, by applying the *received* philosophical doctrine of the generation of contraries, arguing that, as in other contraries, life is produced from death. He argues, further, from the *received* doctrine of the soul's preëxistence, that knowledge, especially knowledge of abstract truths, which are not learned by the senses, is reminiscence. The next argument is based on the nature of the soul, which belongs to the invisible, and resembles the divine, and is, therefore, incapable of dissolution, but, in proportion as it has been purified by philosophy, is prepared for going into an essence like itself, beyond the reach of evil. Simmias, one of his youthful friends, suggests that the same argument would apply to the harmony produced by a material lyre, and that as the harmony perishes with the lyre, so may the soul perish with the body. This suggestion Socrates meets by appealing to our consciousness of a power to govern the body, which is not a result of its formation, as harmony is the result of the formation of the lyre. The natural and necessary immortality of the soul is then defended by a long and subtle disquisition on the independent existence of abstract qualities, of which qualities other things partake, and are denominated from them—the beautiful partaking of beauty; the good, of goodness; the great, of magnitude; and so with all the rest. As no quality can receive its opposite, the soul, which has the quality of life, the opposite of death, cannot die—it is immortal. This is the argument of the *Phædo*, which we have compressed into as few words as possible.

Now, let us look into Christianity. Christianity is the sum total of the doctrines taught by Jesus Christ and *respecting* Jesus Christ, both by himself and by the disciples whom he commissioned to instruct the world. One of the most obvious of these doctrines is, the substantial identity of Christianity with Judaism, and the subordination of Judaism to Christianity as the full development of the truth which had been partially unfolded in the sacred writings and institutions of the Hebrew nation. It lies on the surface of the Christian documents that

Jesus of Nazareth was a teacher who declared himself to be the Son of God, in a sense which the Jewish rulers construed into blasphemy, for which alleged blasphemy he was condemned to die. The truth of his declaration is manifest in the unique completeness of his character, in his profoundly spiritual and benevolent instructions, in the majesty and large humanity of his miracles, in the testimonies which he received from heaven, and last of all, and preëminently, in his resurrection from the dead. The truths which he taught, and commanded his disciples to teach, are, mainly, the spirituality of religion—the new birth by the Holy Ghost—the redemption secured by his death and resurrection to those who trust in him—and the completion of that redemption by a bodily resurrection, of which his own was at once the type and the pledge. These are the truths which constitute Christianity.

Now, of this Christianity there is not in the *Phædo* a whisper, a glimpse, a particle. Neither wholly nor in part is Christianity in this beautiful and precious composition. We have repeatedly examined every word, sentence after sentence, each argument, each illustration, as they come up in succession. There is in the *Phædo* much philosophy, some that is very good, and much more that is erroneous, vague, and purely fanciful; but assuredly there is not one word of Christianity. Mr. Emerson says, "Christianity is in it." We challenge him or any other man to prove it.

Having entered on this argument, we cannot satisfy our sense of duty without proceeding one step further. Ingenious readers will inquire, How has it come to pass that men in the old time declared that Christianity was derived from Plato, and that, in our own time, a writer so richly endowed as Mr. Emerson undoubtedly is, should have stamped this ancient boast with the impress of his genius and the sanction of his name? The truth, as it appears to us, stands thus:—Men content themselves with looking at but a single exemplification of a large principle, a slight section of a vast cone, instead of enlarging their field of observation, and concentrating their attention, not on parts exclusively, but on the whole. What, then, is that larger truth, in relation to the matter in hand, which has been viewed in isolated particulars? According to our reading it is this: The spiritual instincts of humanity have in all ages expressed, with more or less articulation, the consciousness of an ill defined aptitude for something not yet attained, and of a want which remains unsatisfied after the fullest enjoyments of material good and the widest speculations of the active intellect. This aptitude is *recognized*, rather than *taught*, in Christianity; and that which can satisfy the universal longing of awakened, speculating, and disappointed human nature, is revealed and embodied in the enunciations of Jesus and his commissioned servants. As we have studied these enunciations, we discover that the things revealed are revealed to beings endowed with certain faculties, found in a given condition, and in various ways prepared, by a wise

and far-seeing superintendence, to appreciate and to embrace the truth revealed. A mind accustomed to large generalizations, as well as to exact analysis, sees, in the entire case of human nature, of the world's history, and of Christianity as a revelation from God, the harmony and consistency of a complete whole. To beings without the nature of which we are conscious, and to a world without the tradition, the poetry, the philosophy, the superstition, and the precursory intimations of revealing wisdom, which we know to have existed, Christianity would have been an inexplicable riddle. It would have had no fitness. It could not have awakened any interest. It would have had no power. But by being what it is, in the circumstances in which it comes to us, it brings with it the marks of a wisdom which is infinite, the attestations of a truth which invites and satisfies examination, and the investiture of an authority which demands and vindicates obedience. Instead, however, of taking this comprehensive survey of the case as it stands, there are minds whose delight it is to fasten on some peculiar aspect of it, in ignorance, forgetfulness, or perverse oversight of others, turning that which is, in fact, a proof of the divine character of Christianity, into an imaginary argument against it. The Vedas of India, the Zend-Avesta, the ethics of Confucius, the oracles of heathen gods, the secrets of initiations, the myths of poets, the reasonings of philosophers, and the maxims of rabbins, have been ostentatiously ransacked, as anticipating, and therefore superseding, Christianity. The genuine use of these ancient witnesses of the truth is obvious enough: they prove that the human mind is that which Christianity *presupposes* that it is; and they prove, further, that the universal mind of man had never alighted, either by intuition, by reasoning, or by imagination, neither in songs, ecstasies, nor dreams, on those cardinal truths which practically solve the mystery of his being. These broken utterances of the past are, nevertheless, capable of another use; and by a little ingenuity, some invention, and much intellectual audacity, they can be arrayed against the Holy Oracles. For ourselves, we pity the weakness of the man who thinks there is even the slightest argumentative value in such strategy. As for him who does *not* so think, yet speaks as though he did, we leave it to the sense and honesty of every reader to apply in that case the proper epithet.

We have dwelt the longer on this topic for numerous reasons, which we have not time just now to specify. One of them, not the least, is the desirableness of showing that it is not larger information, or sounder judgment, than those possessed by writers of a different school, nor even greater freedom of thought, that creates the paradoxes of Mr. Emerson, and similar modern authors. Another reason is, the knowledge we have that the seeming novelties which startle some good people are no novelties at all. They are the oldest objections to Christianity retouched and set off with what are intended to be the graces of the

newest rhetoric. If there be any difference between the older and the newer forms, we are bound in honesty to say—"The old is better"—more racy, more robust, more fascinating, better adapted to the spirit of the times, and clothed in language with which no well educated person will admit that the new is worthy, for a moment, to be compared. A *third* reason is suggested by the perpetual occurrence of pithy sentences throughout these lectures, all bearing in the same direction, and indicating a *state of opinion* in relation to Christianity. It would require a volume to elucidate the untenableness of this state of opinion in each of the several connections in which the lecturer has expressed it; but we trust enough has been said to convince any patient thinker, that in the matter of Plato and Christianity, Mr. Emerson is utterly at fault. Just as much at fault is he, in point of fact, in saying that "Moses, Menu, Jesus, work directly in this problem—the problem of essence." It would be easy to show that it is not true of either Moses or Menu, and as untrue as possible of Him whose name it is this writer's habit to use in a manner which the *deccencies of literature* forbid, if there were not considerations of a higher order which proscribe it.

We will leave Mr. Emerson to his own ruminations on Swedenborg—his "prophetic eye"—his "self-equality"—his symbolism—his near approach to the "true problem"—his insane mistake of personal fancies for spiritual worlds and beings—his "science of filth and corruption," in which he is a competitor with Rabelais and Swift—and his absurd dream of his own inspiration;—but it belongs to our vocation to take some friendly notice of one or two points of this lecture, which appear to us to deserve something more than a passing stricture. It may seem fastidious, yet we cannot help it, to observe the respect which Mr. Emerson shows for the Indian Vishnu and mythical personages of that order, as well as for more substantial names, in contrast to the tone of his allusions to the "Hebraisms," and the "Gothicisms," in which he finds "the vice of Swedenborg's mind." We need no dragoman to explain what Mr. Emerson means by such a passage as the following:—

That Hebrew muse, which taught the lore of right and wrong to men, has the same excess of influence for him it has had for the nations. The mode, as well as the essence, was sacred. Palestine is ever a more valuable chapter in universal history, and *ever the less available element in education*. The genius of Swedenborg, largest of all modern souls in this department of thought, wasted itself in the endeavor to reanimate and conceive what had already arrived at its natural term, and in the great secular Providence was *retiring from its prominence before western modes of thought and expression*. Swedenborg and Behmen both failed, by attaching themselves to the *Christian symbol* instead of the *moral sentiment, which carries innumerable Christianities, humanities, divinities, in its bosom*.

This may be taken for fine writing. It may be slightly tinctured with philosophical truth; cer-

tainly it is most unvarnished nonsense—to prate of “Christianities,” and arrant stupidity to talk of “Christianities being carried in the bosom of the moral sentiment ;” yet turgid, unmeaning, and stupid though it be, it is one of those grandiloquent impertinences of which we are sorry to see so many in this volume, and which, we fear, will puff up conceited disbelievers of Christianity with the arrogant absurdity that they are very clever fellows for admiring and repeating it. We are at no loss to see the drift of the excuse for Swedenborg’s “theological cramp,” when it is said—“I doubt not he was led by the desire to insert the element of the personality of Deity. But nothing is added.”

To “Gothic theology” Mr. Emerson opposes what he calls the “old philosophy,” according to which “evil is good in the making ;” and he calls the notion that pure malignity can exist, “the extreme proposition of unbelief, it is not to be entertained by a rational agent ; it is atheism, it is the last profanation.” The use he makes of the “old philosophy” is manifest in this pithy sentence—

The Divine effort is never retarded, the carrion in the sun will convert itself into grass and flowers, and man, though in brothels or jails, or on the gibbet, *is on his way to all that is good and true.*

This Optimism is one of the favorite dogmas of Mr. Emerson. It pervades all his writings. He may think slightly of the objections—that such a dogma annihilates the personality of man, his responsibility, his relation to the government of the living and true God ; that it is contrary to the doctrines taught by the Son of God ;—that it is repugnant to the moral sentiments ; that it breathes a withering blight on the domestic affections and the social well-being of mankind ; and that it will be palatable to the irreligious, the unjust, the unchaste, and the cruel, while the devout and the honorable, the pure and the benevolent, must recoil from it as from a lie and a pest ; for he has an easy way of settling such difficulties ; he looks on the whole Christian theory of God and man, and the issues of things, as a Hebrew tradition, grafted on a Gothic fancy, of no more value than the dreams of a raving mystic ; and, to the obsolete prejudices of the churches, he opposes “the more generous spirit of the Indian Vishnu.” “I am the same to all mankind. There is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred. They who serve me with adoration—I am in them and they in me. If one whose ways are altogether evil, serve me alone, he is as respectable as the just man, he is altogether well employed—he soon becometh of a virtuous spirit, and obtaineth eternal happiness.”

Practical citizens in Europe and in America, will perhaps explain to young men the way in which such oriental speculations are likely to improve the integrity of commercial life. Educated men will have their own convictions as to the kind of *thinkers* that are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere

of great ideas ; and we humbly ask our matrons and virgins to figure to themselves the kind of young ladies and young gentlemen that will adorn our nurseries and our hearths, if ever lessons such as these should supersede the words of Jesus and the hated catechisms of his disciples. To us belongs a different office. We use the freedom of saying, that the Optimism thus grossly added to the other nuisances of the day, is as faulty in its principles as it is in its results ; that it will not stand the test of analysis ; that it has no basis in the laws of intellect ; that it belongs to “the abstractionists who spend their days and their nights in dreaming dreams ;” that its home is the region of Eastern fable ; that its elements and its history are the pledges of its evanescence ; that the wish to replace this old idol of the cave in the temple of Truth, is like Julian the Apostate’s struggle to revive the ascendancy of the detected imposture of Paganism in the Roman Empire ; and that we have no more apprehension of its entering into the popular belief of nations than we have of the triumph of Islam or of Buddhism.

As in many other cases, there is a nebular streak of light enshrouded in the gilded mists of this “old philosophy.” Evil is, indeed, the reverse side of good—its negation—in the abstract ; but, let the good be concrete and its reverse concrete, then evil becomes as positive as good. Though good and evil are relative terms—the good the reverse of the bad, and the bad the reverse of the good—the very use of the terms “good” and “bad” implies a standard. Now be that standard what it may, it is fixed, and not arbitrary ; and its ultimate residence must be in the character of a Being who is good, and all opposition or unlikeness to whom is, *therefore*, bad. This good Being is as wise, as powerful, and as just, as he is good ; and, although it comports with his perfection to carry on a government in which the existence and actions of evil beings is not impossible, nor necessitated, the processes of that government are such, that the worst actions of the worst beings are sure to issue in the manifestations of his goodness, and thus subserve the manifold ends, all culminating in the highest end, for which all created beings, with their capacities, and spheres, and opportunities, however they may be perverted by the abuse of moral freedom, have been brought into existence. There is no difficulty in perceiving how limited and impatient minds may so speculate on this vast and slowly developed government, as to fall into grievous errors. It is not wonderful that the subtle speculators who produced that which Mr. Emerson selects from many philosophies, and calls, what it is not, “the old philosophy,” should have grappled with the metaphysical notion of evil in the abstract, and, imperfectly apprehending the necessary relation of abstract evil to abstract good, should have leaped to the illogical conclusion that *evil in the concrete is inseparably connected with good*, so that men become good through the evil that is in them, and then ambitiously reduce this false conclusion to a

general formula, which is intended to embrace the universe, and dissipate the whole mystery of being.

On Mr. Emerson's *principle*, so dogmatically affirmed—that “the largest is always the truest sentiment,” it is the easiest thing in the world to imagine that this pet philosophy of his is the Truth—provided that this is the largest sentiment; but, *first*, it is *not* the largest sentiment; *secondly*, whether large or small, it is no more than a metaphysical speculation; *thirdly*, there is no real connection between the *largeness* of a sentiment and its *truthfulness*; and, *fourthly*, the whole scheme is *absurd*, that is, it is self-contradictory, in conceiving of evil as *the reverse of that which the very terms imply*, and thus denying the existence of that—evil, namely, in the concrete—which it professes to explain. We have waded too often through the oriental theories of evil to have any misgivings that either Mr. Emerson, or any other writer, can succeed in acclimating them amongst ourselves; and long familiarity with the beautiful speculations of Plato, of Philo, of Proclus, and of Leibnitz, have fully satisfied us that the inquiry into the origin of evil has never been pushed any further than the demonstration—that it cannot be from God, and that it is a natural, not necessitated, contingency on that freedom, without which there could be no moral dispensation in the universe.

Now, it is one thing to say—evil is *educed from good* by the Supreme Ruler; but it is another thing to say, that evil is good in the making. It is exactly true to maintain, that whatever is good and true in the government of God will result from the entire history of each man, and of the whole race of beings collectively considered; but it is equally the reverse of true, that “*man, though in brothels or jails, or on the gibbet, is on his way to all that is good.*” The former *great truth* is taught by Christianity, the latter *great untruth* is taught by Mr. Emerson. As truth is favorable to virtue, and virtue leads to blessedness, so falsehood favors vice, and vice ensures ruin. Mr. Emerson has made his selection between these opposites; and we have made ours, by which we are willing to abide in all weathers, and in all worlds.

The Lecture on “Montaigne, or the Sceptic,” may be taken as the development of a philosophy of scepticism. It is but a superficial exhibition of what Montaigne thought and said, and some of the best thoughts and most sparkling expressions have the appearance of being borrowed from Sterling's Review of Montaigne, which appeared in the “London and Westminster,” and which induced Archdeacon Hare to write him a letter of remonstrance, severely objecting to a considerable portion of it. In that Review, Sterling went deeply into the remarkable features and conditions of the time in which Montaigne lived, as “the contemporary of Cervantes and of Shakspeare;” gleaned from the essays the most interesting particulars of the writer's life; and sketched with a skilful hand what he modestly calls “a rude shadow of Montaigne.” As to his scepticism regarding the philosophical systems of

the day, he shows that Montaigne was but superficially acquainted with those systems, and that he was greatly deficient in “genuine philosophical capacity.” On the question of Montaigne's religious scepticism, Sterling judged that he was not an unbeliever of the class to which Hume and Voltaire belonged, by whom Christianity was altogether rejected as a pure fiction; that he was a believer in the dogmatic authority of the church; but that to any elevated faith in Christianity, or practical submission to its spiritual power, he was utterly a stranger. Next to the study of the Essays themselves, we would commend to the philosophical student, who desires to become acquainted with Montaigne, two volumes by Vernier, published at Paris in 1810, entitled “*Notices et Observations pour faciliter la Lecture des Essais de Montaigne.*” Their moral and religious spirit is impartially exhibited by Professor Vinet, of Lausanne, one of the most philosophical theorists and acutest logicians in Europe, in his “*Essais de Philosophie Morale et de Morale Religieuse.*” Not being in possession of an English translation of Montaigne's Essays, we may be allowed to offer a hasty version of a few sentences from the 54th chapter of the First Book, “on vain subtleties:”—“Simple souls, with little curiosity, and imperfectly instructed, make good Christians, who simply believe and submit to the laws in a spirit of reverence and obedience. Men of moderate intellectual vigor and capacity are led to erroneous opinions by following the appearances of things, and they have some right to accuse those that follow in the beaten track of ignorance and folly. The great minds, which are more cultivated and enlightened, constitute a higher class of believers, who, by long and religious investigation, reach the profounder and abstruser light of the Scriptures, and feel the mysterious and divine secret of our ecclesiastical polity. We see some, however, who reach this last stage by passing through the first with wonderful advantage, as at the utmost verge of Christian intelligence, and who enjoy their victory with comfort and thankfulness, with modesty and improved morals; in this rank I do not place those persons who free themselves from all suspense occasioned by their former error, and strengthen their present convictions, by rushing into the opposite extreme, and, by their indiscretion and injustice, bring the reproach of violence on the cause they espouse. The simple peasants are honest people, and honest people are the philosophers, or, in the language of our time, the men of strong and bright natures, enriched with ample knowledge of useful sciences. The mongrels, who look with disdain on their past condition of literary ignorance, but have not been yet able to join the other, (sitting between two chairs like myself and many others,) are dangerous, awkward, teasing troublemakers. But, for my own part, I bring myself back as much as I can to my earliest and natural state, from which I have vainly (*pour neant*) endeavored to depart.”

Montaigne was a man of the world, a courtier,

a Frenchman, a Gascon; one of the vainest of mortals, one of the filthiest of writers. "C'est moy que je peins. * * * je suis moy mesme la matiere de mon livre." He paints his own portrait, and retails his frivolous thoughts, his false notions, his pernicious opinions, his foolish passions, with the air of one whose mind was so full of himself as to imagine that all the world was interested in knowing all about him. For the sake of a striking thought or a bold expression, he could sacrifice truth without a sigh, and morality without a blush. The sincerity for which he is praised is one of the vulgar artifices of excessive vanity. His matchless effrontery *grins* (we can find no better word) perpetually at the reader; and it would be ludicrous, if it were not something worse. He dwells with complacency on some reminiscences which could not but fill a person of common self-respect with manly self-reproach; and though he says that he could wish, in general, that he were better, and could pray God to reform him, and to excuse his natural weakness, he openly avows that he would no more think of repenting of his misdeeds, than of not being a Cato or an angel. He professes that his actions had been conformed to his nature and to his conditions, and that he could do no better. "If I had to live again, I would live as I have lived; I neither lament the past nor dread the future." It would not be easy to mention a more dangerous writer. He corrupts, by pleasing the imagination. The perfect knowledge of human nature which it has been the fashion to ascribe to him is but the knowledge of a diplomatist, of a pedant, of a debauchee, of a brilliant egotist, who mistook anecdotes for arguments, impudence for honesty, pedantry for learning, scepticism for intellectual superiority, and who felt no degradation in making personal beauty, and not intellectual or moral qualities, the point of distinction between men and beasts. Few readers of his *Essais* have resisted the charm of his vivacious and triumphant imagination. At the risk of being laughed at by Mr. Emerson's admirers as prudish and hypocritical, we are not ashamed to confess, with some of the wisest of *French* writers, that Montaigne is an author whom we dare not recommend, though the edition we possess is *dedicated by a lady to a cardinal*, and though Mr. Emerson speaks of him as the object of his personal regard. Without saying anything of the paramount authority of moral sentiments, we own that it is our habit to judge a man's intellectual calibre very much by the kind of books on which he bestows his praise. Mr. Emerson's manner of praising Montaigne does very little towards raising either the Essayist or the Lecturer in our esteem; and there are one or two passages in the lecture which, on higher grounds, we must pronounce in the last degree offensive. Mr. Emerson is not happy in his development of the evils attendant on scepticism. We do not believe that he is himself "a sceptic." He is something very different. There is a good deal of healthy criticism in many parts of this lecture,

and no small quantity of lively and entertaining meditation; but if its principle be not that of Fatalism, with somewhat of its gloomy grandeur, and more of its enormous falseness, we do not know where, in ancient or modern literature, that cold and insolent mockery of human nature is to be found. What else can any writer mean by saying of man, with studied energy of expression—"he is here, not to work, but to be worked upon?"

We hope it will be accepted as a proof of our unwillingness to do injustice to Mr. Emerson, that we express our sincere admiration of his lecture on Shakspeare. We see scarcely any fault in it but *that* which underlies his whole system of thought, on which we shall touch hereafter. After all that has been written and said of the greatest of dramatists, there is a verdant freshness, a clear insight, a musical rhythm, a sympathy with the higher forms of poetry, in this lecture, which we cannot describe better than by saying, as we do with unfeigned simplicity, that they have sufficed to render our admiration of Shakspeare's genius even more reverential than heretofore.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Emerson's learning to remark, in passing, that the notion which he derives from Grotius, of the selection of the petitions in the Lord's prayer from the rabbinical forms in use in the time of Christ, is one of those fancies which melt away before the light of larger information; the simple truth is—that there is a casual resemblance between the address, "Our Father," with the first two petitions, and some miscellaneous passages industriously fished up from the Talmud and the book Sohar; but the closest resemblances are found in Jewish prayers which are not older than the middle ages. The fact, to which Mr. Emerson adapts the notion, is sufficiently illustrated without it; but it accords with his conceptions of the Divine Teacher, to seize every seeming fact of this description with a kind of malicious instinct.

Mr. Emerson's lecture on "Napoleon, or The Man of the World," is well-conceived, and expressed with considerable freedom and energy, but it is sadly wanting in the moral tone which bespeaks the higher philosophy of his late countryman, Dr. Channing, in his "Remarks" on the same subject. Successful as the lecturer is in painting the *Representative* character of Bonaparte as essentially a vulgar man of the world, one might have expected from a New Englander a stronger sense of his enormous treason against that freedom which is the natural element of all human greatness, and we are constrained to regret that Mr. Emerson's philosophy is of such a caste that he can say of the ruin which this exorbitant egotist brought upon himself—"It was not Bonaparte's fault."

One could scarcely fancy a stronger contrast than that between the "Man of the World" and the "Writer"—Napoleon and Goethe—the theme of the last lecture. Mr. Emerson has a just perception of the high vocation, the true dignity, of the literary class, and he appears to comprehend

tolerably well the position in this class which belongs of right to Goethe. Like every other student of that great writer's works, he sees, with almost superstitious wonder, the dazzling versatility of the philosopher—the poet—the critic—the novelist—who communed with nature while surrounded with the elaborations of art, and whose sole ambition would seem to have been the perfecting of his own culture. The lecturer is himself too exclusively a contemplatist to have strongly felt the defects of Goethe; yet *the want of moral sympathy with man practically in earnest*, which is indeed his capital fault, has not escaped Mr. Emerson's notice, though his censure is somewhat lenient in comparison of that which would express the judgment of a critic, whose study of man and of all that belongs to him swept a wider range, and followed a purer light, than either the German or his American admirer.

We intimated at the beginning of this paper our intention to pass beyond the review of the single volume which we have been examining, to a larger consideration of the writer and of his class. We wish to do so calmly, wisely, and with fairness. There are fascinations in this writer which it were foolish to deny, but which it may be wise to resist. He touches many themes with a bold and free hand, but not always with the sobriety of one who has weighed well either the principles involved in what he says, or the natural results which are enfolded in those principles, like forests in single germs. He has a habit of giving forth his thoughts like oracles; of managing them after a fashion not unlike that with which great singers keep back their breath for a full burst of sound, or the boa constrictor coils up his huge volume for a grand spring.

In this terseness of thought, often expressed in brief, strong words, some of them sparkling like diamonds, there is at times the reality, always the appearance, of much energy and great originality. The absence of any appeal to the reader's judgment, and the almost total want of formal or informal reasoning, give an air of intuitive certainty to what is said, which is likely enough to carry the reader away with an admiring sympathy, but not along that path of light which leads to intelligent conviction, and an independent grasping of truth. Those who admire a writer in proportion to his suggestiveness, are sure to admire Mr. Emerson, whether they occupy the same standing-place or not; indeed, many passages which, at first sight, startle the reader as though a gleam of light had flashed in a dark cavern, will be remembered afterwards as the occasion for trains of reflection, of which the conclusions will be directly the reverse of those which the writer apparently intended. As a feature in literary composition, merely, we do not feel much complacency towards this sort of writing. It is tedious. It makes us feel as we do in listening to a very slow and heavy speaker; or in watching a railway passenger who pays his fare in small coins put down in a provokingly deliberate manner, or in witnessing

any operation which is too ponderous to fulfil our ideas of ease and freedom. True it is, deep and burning thoughts that have long consumed the soul, passions which it is as hard to utter as to repress, truths for which the mind has toiled and struggled through years of doubt and sorrow, do not naturally express themselves with the flippancy of a salesman, or the gossip of a news-writer; but it does not appear to us that such is the actual psychology of this writer. There is too much calmness for *this*, too much of recollected literature, too much of serene and carefully studied embellishment, and, we must add, too much of that silvery moonlight which, in its soft reflection, betrays the presence of a brighter orb. The compositions of Mr. Emerson are like icebergs near the North Pole, multiplying, by their prismatic angles, the many-colored lights of the aurora borealis; but we have met with nothing in them to arouse the deeper principles, or to touch the tenderer passions, of the soul. He is an artistic disciple of philosophy, clothing her abstractions with the lovely garments of poetry, giving forth the thoughts of earlier minds in measured cadences, and strutting on a theatre, where the glare of tapers shuts out the light of day, while the odor of perfumes taints the sweet breath of nature, and the fascinations of song delude the enchanted sense. We are not forgetting that he discourses elegantly of self-reliance, originality, earnestness, nature, moral sentiments, manliness, freedom, the soul, providence, religion, and God; but, like too many preachers of a diviner creed, he draws more attention to the power and ingenuity of the teacher than to the doctrine.

The doctrine—what is it? Is it intelligible? Is it grand? Whence comes it? Is it true? We will look into it, and judge. The doctrine, to speak of it in its naked simplicity, is this—there is no individual soul in man, no free agency, no responsibility; but each is a structure formed by necessary laws as a part of one great being, and this one great being is the universal soul—and this universal soul is—God. If this be not Mr. Emerson's doctrine in his essays, in his addresses, his orations, his lectures, and his poems, we have studied them in vain.

To propagate such a belief in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, it is indispensable that "the American Scholar," to whom, with pardonable nationality, this conversion of the world is assigned, should use the well-accustomed phrases which belong to the substance of European languages, especially of our own, for the express purpose of blotting from men's minds the inward thoughts, with their corresponding realities, of which these words are the accepted signs. The Supreme Ruler—the Divine Leading—the Spirit, and other noble words, which at best so feebly signify the nobler thoughts and things of the only religion which has ever proved itself to be at once perfectly human and perfectly divine, are to be freely used, gently and modestly accommodated to *new senses*—reminding us of those "angels of

light," whose metamorphose was so clearly foreseen by the apostle of the nations.

This process of transfusion, without which, as it would seem, the conversion of that part of the world called Christendom is not expected, surrounds the doctrine with a haze which more or less conceals it, and simple people complain that they do not understand. Then they are told that what they call their understanding has nothing to do with it—that it is an inspiration of pure reason, a direct gazing upon God, or, God himself speaking in the soul, or, a throb of the great universal soul in the consciousness of the individual man. Now he who understands words to mean something, who puts the words together as saying that something is true, who compares one saying with another, and draws the conclusion which is manifest to a sane mind, can readily understand such words and deal with them accordingly. But there are those whose thinkings are not regulated by the natural laws of, first, understanding a proposition, then, combining it with another which is acknowledged to be true; and, *after that*, judging whether the new proposition be true or not; but in a wild, incoherent, rhapsodical manner they follow the vagaries of the fancy, or the impulse of the emotions, and mistake the captivating for the true. They worship genius; they dream poetry. They find ambrosia and nectar in their own thoughts, and talk with high scorn of the bread which is baked from the wheat of earth, and of the water that springs up in the fountain, or the wine that has ripened in the grape, until these earthly things are felt to be etherealized as symbols of divinities and nymphs. For such transcendent thinkers no miracle is needed to bring them to believe a still grander thing, to take the symbols for realities, and to worship them as the multimiform appearances of the soul—the Divine—the one in many—God. To reason against the fancy is like reasoning against the appetite, or against the wind; and the only answer these children of nature, these "babes in the wood," can deign to solid argument is, a smile of ridicule at your absurdity, or a sigh of compassion over the victim of a cold and heartless logic. Of this same logic we may find space to say a word or two before we close.

Meanwhile, continuing our attention to the doctrine, we repeat the question, *Whence is it?* It comes, indeed, from a far-off land, and from a hoary age, from the land of sunny skies and golden rivers, with the sound of many voices, in the music of ancient dreams—from the gorgeous east, where it has floated down from one generation to another, at once the poetry, the philosophy, and the theology of uncounted millions, still taught in colleges, casting its mystic shade on solemn temples, hanging, like the veil of the prophet of Khorasan, between the mind of nations and the being they adore. It is the religion of speculative man until he is enlightened from without and from on high, substantially the same in India, in Japan, in China, in ancient Egypt, and in Greece—the esoteric doctrine of the Initiated in all times,

of those who allowed the ignorant multitude to believe the delusion of the popular mythologies, and, at the bidding of equally deluded priests, bow down to symbols and worship them as gods. The philosophers and statesmen, and more cultured priests of every age, well knew that the *many* could not be delivered from crime and treason without belief in an Unseen Avenging Power. The Hebrews were the only people of antiquity that were ruled as a nation by sanctions seen and felt while they yet lived on the earth. *The doctrine*, then, is older than the oldest of existing institutions. It is aristocratic. It is mouldy with age. It is stamped with the impress of the minds through which it had passed, as waters are tintured by the beds through which they wander from their native mountains to the sea. Of late years it has smacked of Germany, the abode of culture, of speculation, and of poetry. In that land of prying and ever-active intellect, where the absence of political freedom and of maritime adventure throws back the most energetic thinkers on the fertile soil of their own thoughts, this "old philosophy" has filled the professor's chair, and the dreams of the bygone ages have reappeared, not only in the wreaths of poetry but in the chains of logic. Strange! but not less true. The great Hegel, whose triple "representatives" are likely to keep his philosophy ahead of others until the *true place* of philosophy shall be expounded by a less fallible thinker, succeeded in demonstrating, after his manner, that there is no being but thought, and no God beyond the consciousness of man, no religion but this philosophy, and no immortality but the absorption of the individual into the one, like the falling of the rain-drop on the ocean!

Is this doctrine true? If some other things be true, this *must* be false. But we will take it on its own merits; we will ask the human intellect if this doctrine be true—as an *hypothesis in philosophy*. It can go no further than the individual mind of him who asks the question, and, by a circuitous course of subtle demonstrations, it reaches the conclusion from which it started. Like the *Sphinx*, in Mr. Emerson's stony poem with that title, its final answer to the great question, its secret, is no more than this:—

Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yokefellow!
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.
Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply.
Ask on, thou clothed Eternity—
Time is the false reply.

Taking the hypothesis as a *solution of human thought*, assuming the conclusion, or demonstrating the major premises, is all that it logically does; anything beyond the consciousness of the reasoner, the existence of any other being, intellectual or otherwise, it *cannot* prove; it may not assume anything; and, in rigid consistency with itself, it can go no further than to demonstrate

that he who reasons *is*, and that to him the word Universe, or God, can signify nothing but himself. But by what process soever men come to the knowledge of anything beyond their own thoughts, and of any being having consciousness which is not each man's own self, by that same process, carried out naturally according to the known laws of the human mind, we arrive at the conclusion, that of all the things that are, there must be an Originator, and that Originator conscious of Intelligence and Power, the Intelligence and Power of which what we call the Universe is the chosen result. We are familiar with the results of our own separate or combined intelligence, and we recognize them as the works of man. We go, by observation, by analogy, and by reasoning, beyond the sphere of our collective consciousness and of its manifold productions; and in all that we witness, or infer from what we witness, of the whole scheme of things, we behold a variety of gradually progressive developments tending to unfold the eternal thought of the Unchanging One. That is indeed a poor philosophy which sounds the depths of one man's consciousness, and then boastfully affirms that in so doing it has sounded the depths of the universe, confounding the abstract unity which is the mind's highest generalization, with the One Being from whom the mind itself and all other things proceed. All the drops of water in the seas of the globe are *thought of* as one ocean, yet each drop is as really an individual drop as if it were separated by all the spaces in creation from all other drops; all the trees of a thickly-planted region are *thought of* as one forest, yet each tree is what it is—a pine, an oak, a sycamore, a cedar, preserving its own individuality as perfectly as it would be preserved if it grew upon another planet; in like manner, all the souls in the universe are *thought of* as a family, a class of beings, a concrete unity, yet each soul is in itself as truly a soul, as really, as if there were no other. But He who made the drops which we name ocean, the trees which we name forest, and the souls which we name mankind, is an intelligent and powerful Being, independently of them all; and by means of them all, and of all other beings, he tells the minds that look through the eye, and listen through the ear, that he is everywhere, hath ever been, will ever be, the Wise, the Mighty, the Eternal One. According to what we believe to be the workings of a healthful intellect, the philosophy which underlies Mr. Emerson's whole scheme of thinking is a philosophy which can report to him nothing beyond the consciousness of his own mind, and therefore it cannot be the true philosophy of the universe. As a witty writer of his own country has said, "he—

Calmly assumes the said centre granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.
"T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
To meet such a primitive pagan as he;
In whose mind *all creation is duly respected*
As parts of himself—just a little projected,
And who is willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to nothing but Emerson.

Taking the doctrine of Mr. Emerson's writings as presenting a picture to the human *imagination*, it is a stream without a spring, a tree without a root, a shadow projected by no substance, a sound without a voice, a drama without an author, a pervading thought without a thinking mind—a universe without a God! It is this *unimaginable* scheme that extinguishes, even in this writer's ingenious and well-cultured mind, the fires of eloquence and poetry. His verses fall upon us with the cold and heavy rumble of mere corpses, instead of alighting with the elastic spring of life. The imagination, not less than the reason of humanity revolts. It is impossible, on Mr. Emerson's principles, to write a genuine, hearty poem. He has tried; and whether he sings of riddles, problems, fate, love, beauty—odes, dirges, drinking-songs, threnodies, or hymns—it is still the dull chatter of mummies; an oppression instead of a relief, a horrid night-mare, binding the spirit's wings with chains of lead, and mocking her poor efforts to catch the melodies of nature, when she would respond to them in her cheerful strains, or in her anthems of devotion.

But we must bring this doctrine to a tribunal more awful than the intellect or the imagination. The speculative truth which it contradicts, and the feeling of the beautiful which it crushes, are of less vital import than that which we understand by *conscience*, and which this writer seems to recognize in his frequent reference to the "moral sentiment." His voice is the voice of the seducer, though his hands be the hands of honest guidance. We could quote many sentences. We prefer looking broadly at the inevitable and manifest tendency of the *doctrine* which runs through all his writings. There are hypocrisies which it is for the general weal that bold and earnest writers should unmask. No sincere man dreads this. But we warn the admirers of this writer against a doctrine which tampers with the difference between *right* and *wrong*. There must be such a difference: it deeply concerns every man who presumes to teach the public to hold fast by it.

Our moral nature is for us a testimony to the authority of law, to the obligation of right, to the punishment of wrong, to the perpetual government of the invisible God, to the need of redemption, to the inexpressible suitableness and grandeur of the *revealed* future; but the ever-ringing chant of Mr. Emerson's morality, the one ceaseless hum of his theology, is this—Man is *all* to himself—Law, Judge, Savior, God, the Universe! And this substitution for the morality of the most upright, and for the piety of the most devout, he utters with the attitude of one, in whose eyes the wisest and the holiest are of but small account. He declaims against historical Christianity, and the Bible, and churches, and Sunday-schools, and benevolent associations, for the practical removal of acknowledged evils, as things belonging to an obsolete system, as the worn-out clothing of the world's babyhood. We see no warrant, either

intellectual or moral, that he can show for tramping thus on all that is most precious in the world's history; but we claim a right, in the name of man, and in the name which is to us the Highest, to rebuke the scorner. His ethics are as destitute of authority, as his poetry is of life, and his philosophy of wisdom.

Finally, we have asked our heart, and request each reader to ask his own heart, whether the old Pantheism, which is thus nibbling at the true, the beautiful, and the right, as entertained by Christians, has any power to allay the surges of passion, offers any spirit-stirring motive to excite our soul to duty, any consolation to our wearied nature, bowed down by sorrow or remembered sin in the cold passage from life—all its skies and landscapes, its warm homes and loves, its smiles and tears, its joys and griefs, its battles and its trophies, all being gone as it looks to that future of which these dreamers tell us that it is but a dream! Is it so? Am I but the vibration of a chord—a bubble—a passing cloud? And is this soul, of which I read so much throughout these writings, no more than a momentary radiation of an everlasting light—a particle of the great mass—a trickling brook in the valley—a leaf on a tree—a thing at which the stars may laugh, as they shine upon our monumental dust! Then let us tear out our heart-strings; let us quench all hope, all fear; let us be dissolved as soon as may be into the elements of which we are formed; let us, with the bitter merriment of despair and recklessness, harden our nature against the wail of humanity, against the enthusiasm of patriotism, the yearnings of brotherhood, and the inspirations of religion; for all these things are vanity and vexation, and a useless strife with destiny! Such is the gospel for which we are asked to give up our ancient faith and hope!

No! the doctrine which Mr. Emerson, and many men like-minded, are compassing sea and land to propagate, is *not true*; the cultivated intellect, the imagination, the conscience, the heart, unite in the disclaimer. There is a deeper philosophy than this, a nobler poetry, a manlier morality, a stronger stimulant, a sweeter solace; and our readers need not now be told where *these* are to be found.

From the Spectator.

DR. COPLAND ON PALSY AND APOPLEXY.*

THE views, and to some extent the matter, of this volume, have already appeared at various times and on various occasions, as we intimated in acknowledging its receipt. Part of it was published many years since, in the author's *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*; part in the Croonian Lectures, delivered before the College of Physicians

* On the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of Palsy and Apoplexy; of the Forms, Seats, Complications, and Morbid Relations of Paralytic and Apoplectic Diseases. By James Copland, M. D., &c., &c. Published by Longman and Co.

in 1846 and 1847; other parts again are of still older date, having been promulgated as early as 1822 and some of the immediately succeeding years.

The treatise before us combines the opinions formerly advanced in separate appearances, enlarged and strengthened by additional experience, and by the sifting to which controversy has exposed, or the confirmation to which adoption has subjected them, as well as by experiments upon the nature of the blood, instituted by the author himself and other inquirers.

Exhaustive and complete is the character of the treatise. The broad divisions of the description of disease, its causes and complications, the precautions for prevention, the treatment for cure or alleviation, and the regimen necessary to keep off a recurrence of the attack, are common arrangements in medical treatises. Dr. Copland pursues these divisions to greater length and minuteness than is usual, especially in exhibiting the various forms and the numerous complications both of palsy and apoplexy. Fulness of exposition, however, is the main feature. No possible circumstance that causes or characterizes the disease or its complications seems overlooked; the opinions of all ancient and modern writers of any authority upon cause and treatment, are tersely stated, in conjunction with Dr. Copland's own; and the reader is helped to a conclusion. The treatment is not always so fully directed, because the work is addressed more to the practitioner than the pupil, and the nature of the disease being once explained the management follows from the diagnosis. But the principles of treatment are always laid down, with the reasons; the preference for one kind of medicine over another, and even for one form over another, is also given; and in many cases prescriptions are printed.

This fulness of matter causes a somewhat overladen style, and renders the work as a literary composition less broadly popular than some other medical treatises. The learning, too, that is poured into it, though by no means pedantic, is rather formal, and lacks that living spirit which some writers infuse into the knowledge of the past; whereas Dr. Copland gives only the naked opinion. As the professional treatise, for which it is designed, the book is full, thorough, and safe.

It is the fate of the discoverers of useful truths to be deprived by their success of the striking effect of their discoveries, which seem after a while to become common property. It has fared even worse with Dr. Copland; for some of his views have been attributed to other writers, who subsequently advanced the same opinion. Perhaps the level expository style in which Dr. Copland propounds his views, rather hides, not their importance, but their originality. Some of them not only depend upon technical apprehension, but upon professional learning to appreciate fully.

The broadest feature is not the connection of palsy and apoplexy, or the complication of one or both with other disorders, or the recondite views of the numerous causes of the diseases, but the

important distinction between the two kinds of apoplexy. With people in general, apoplexy is deemed a determination of blood to the head, the rupture of a vessel, an overflow (extravasation) of blood, or (if their knowledge goes so far) an overcharged condition of the vessels, which causes death, insensibility, or palsy, by pressing upon the brain. Too much blood is their notion of the cause; copious bleeding the *modus curandi*, (unless they happen to have a prejudice against bleeding;) and when they hear that apoplexy is apprehended in the case of any person, they wonder the doctors do not keep it off by blood-letting. As far as too much blood in the region of the brain is in question, their view of the cause is mostly correct enough; but deranged circulation, or a weakness in the coats of the vessels of the brain, or deficient vital power or action, may be a cause of apoplexy, as well as a general super-abundance of blood. When a middle-aged man of strong constitution, aldermanic look and aldermanic habits, drops down insensible after an aldermanic meal, and his pulse actually thumps the finger, copious bleeding with subsequent depletion by purgatives, blisters, cupping, and what not, is indicated. It should be said, however, that some authorities hold that bleeding even in such case only tends to shake the constitution, while it does not contribute to absorb the effusion on the brain. But this is the opinion of a minority, and it may be called a peculiar opinion; the practitioners most opposed to active treatment admitting the necessity of relief by bleeding when the action of an organ is overpowered to the extent of insensibility as regards the brain, and to extensive derangement of function in severe inflammation. But bleeding is a very critical matter when apoplexy attacks a person in advancing life or old age, (and these are the most general epochs of this disease,) with a constitution originally delicate, or which has been lowered by sedentary occupations, thought, trouble, or excesses. No doubt, there may be a disproportionate quantity of blood in the brain, as well as effusion thereon; but the attack, so to speak, in the brain, arises from deranged circulation elsewhere, or from deficient vital power or action. To bleed such a patient, might kill him on the spot, or so reduce him that recovery would be hopeless, even if he survived the doctor in the first stage of the disease. At the same time, there is a risk of inflammation supervening about the injured part, and bleeding nicely proportioned to the case may be desirable when the patient has rallied, while tonics may become a necessary accompaniment. And these are questions whose settlement involves the nicest discernment in the medical man; for no teaching can do more than indicate the principles; the practice must depend upon long experience and individual perception in each individual case. Here is one, in which, too, the obvious signs of delicacy from personal appearance would seem to have been absent.

In some instances, the apoplectic seizure com-
 CCCXX. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVI. 2

mences and continues for a time in the weak form now being considered, and passes into a state of moderate reaction, with more or less marked cerebral disorder, or determination of blood to the head, especially after a recourse, necessary at the time, to restorative means. The following case, illustrative of this occurred to me many years ago, and I have observed similar instances since then. When travelling in the summer in one of the short stages, I sat opposite an aged and corpulent man, who, very soon after our leaving town, suddenly lost his consciousness and power of motion. His countenance became first pale, then bloated and inexpressive, his breathing slow and slightly stertorous, all his muscles completely relaxed; and he fell, in a few seconds, upon those sitting around him. We were only a few doors from a chemist's shop; the coach was stopped, and he was carried thither. He was now profoundly apoplectic; a copious perspiration flowed from his face and forehead, the veins of which were distended, and all his senses were completely abolished. There was no sign of hemiplegia, but there was general and complete loss of motion and sensation. His neckcloth having been removed, the pulsation of the carotids was found to be slow, and of natural strength and fulness. Whilst he was held in a sitting posture in a chair, cold water was squeezed gently over his head from a sponge, and his head frequently sponged with it; volatile salts were also held for a short time and at intervals to his nostrils. The power of deglutition was at this time abolished, so that it was impossible to immediately administer a draught, chiefly consisting of a small quantity of spiritus ammoniæ aromaticus and camphor mixture, which was prescribed. In a very few minutes his consciousness returned, he took the draught, and in a short time afterwards he walked to a coach, in which I accompanied him home. He now complained only of a very slight confusion of ideas, with scarcely any headache; but his carotids beat more firmly. One moderate blood-letting and an active purgative were now directed. The next day he was perfectly well, and has continued so. What would have been the result had he been largely bled previously to the reaction?

Dr. Copland agrees with Abercrombie and Cruveilhier, in considering that there is no valid reason for the distinction proposed between serous and sanguineous apoplexy; nor in the instance of primary apoplexy does he consider the serous effusion the actual cause of death.

Many of the cases which terminate by serous effusion exhibit in their early stages all the symptoms usually assigned to sanguineous apoplexy, such as flushed countenance, strong pulse, vigor of constitution, &c.; whilst, on the other hand, many of those accompanied by paleness of countenance and feebleness of the pulse are found to be purely sanguineous; even the preëxistence of dropsical effusion, or the leuco-phlegmatic diathesis, or great age, &c., furnish no certain data, although a strong presumption, of the attack being that depending upon the effusion of serum. The shock given to vitality by the sanguineous effusion is generally not sufficiently estimated or correctly interpreted by many.

The serous effusion in those cases in which it constitutes even the chief lesion, cannot be viewed in any other light than in that of a result of preëxisting disturbance of the circulation, depending,

as will be more fully alluded to in the sequel, either upon imperfect vital tonicity or action of the vessels, or upon obstructed circulation, especially in the veins and sinuses of the organ, or even upon both. Another circumstance well deserving of notice, and evincing that the serous effusion is of itself to be viewed as merely a part, and indeed no very important part, of the existing lesions, although the most demonstrable, is the fact also first insisted on by Dr. Physick and Dr. Abercrombie, that the quantity of fluid effused bears no proportion to the degree of the apoplectic symptoms; for we find it in large quantity when the symptoms have been slight; in small quantity when they have been both strongly marked and long continued; and, finally, we find most extensive effusion in the head when there have been no apoplectic symptoms at all. The inference, therefore, clearly deducible from the most faithfully observed facts is, that the effusion is not the cause of the apoplectic seizure, but the consequence of that state of circulation on which the disease more immediately depends. Indeed, I am of opinion that a considerable portion of the effusion takes place either immediately before death, or soon after life is extinct; and that several cases referred to serous effusion have not arisen from this cause, the quantity of serum having evidently not been greater than we have reason to believe naturally exists in the head, as necessary to regularity of the functions of the brain, under the varying states of circulation, and of atmospheric pressure on the surface of the body, from which the unyielding bones of the cranium protect the encephalon.

From the Spectator.

CALMET'S PHANTOM WORLD.*

AMONG the numerous works of Augustine Calmet, was a series of treatises on the various superstitions of mankind, from magic to miracles of the Romish Church. With his native sense, the author displayed in his book the shrewdness of the scholar and controvertist, the credulity of the Romanist priest of the seventeenth century, and perhaps the feelings of a pious-minded man, who, having lived to witness the scoffs of Voltaire and others, might deem it proper to uphold a belief of which his own reason was not so assured. Besides these characteristics, Calmet brought to his task a profound erudition, that extended over the ancient Classics and Fathers, the ecclesiastical authors of the middle and succeeding ages, modern travellers, writers on magic, the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and the wide range of miscellaneous knowledge necessary to their illustration. The matter drawn from such various sources he arranged with order, selected with judgment, and presented in a style calm, easy, and sustained, though not rising beyond the mode of his day, and appearing now somewhat old-fashioned.

It is a translation of this work which Mr. Bentley has published with the title of *The Phantom World*, under the editorship of Mr. Christmas. As a series of essays, containing a general account of

* *The Phantom World; or the Philosophy of Spirits, Apparitions, &c.* By Augustine Calmet. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Reverend Henry Christmas, M. A., F. R. S., &c. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

the different topics embraced in the large field which the author undertook, illustrated by the more striking stories connected with each head, and commented on with as much fairness and freedom as could be expected from a Romish priest trained under the middle age of Louis the Fourteenth, (Calmet was born in 1672.) the work was undoubtedly worthy of republication. It will be found not only a book of curious learning, and still more curious tales, but a storehouse of materials useful to the *littérateur*, though they possibly might have been available to him in other editions. It may be a question whether, for common readers, the materials of Calmet might not with advantage have been recast.

Almost every page abounds with singular knowledge, or anecdotes still more singular. If Calmet had never written, and the present age could have produced a work involving the extensive learning, such a book would have made the reputation and helped the fortune of a man who could have presented his matter in the manner required by the modern taste.

One of the many stories of the Christian Fathers, and the author's remarks upon it, will convey some idea both of the narrative and the commentary. It is from the division on Magic.

One day they brought to St. Macarius the Egyptian, a virtuous woman who had been transformed into a mare by the pernicious arts of a magician. Her husband, and all those who saw her, thought that she really was changed into a mare. This woman remained three days and three nights without tasting any food proper either for man or horse. They showed her to the priests of the place, who could apply no remedy.

Then they led her to the cell of St. Macarius, to whom God had revealed that she was to come: his disciples wanted to send her back, thinking that it was a mare. They informed the saint of her arrival, and the subject of her journey. He said to them, You are downright animals yourselves, thinking you see what is not; that woman is not changed, but your eyes are fascinated. At the same time he sprinkled holy water on the woman's head, and all present beheld her in her former state. He gave her something to eat, and sent her away safe and sound with her husband. As he sent her away, the saint said to her, Do not keep from church: for this has happened to you for having been five weeks without taking the sacrament of our Lord, or attending divine service.

Will it be said that this is only the effect of imagination, prepossession, or the trickery of a clever charlatan? How can you persuade fifty people that a woman who is present before their eyes can be changed into a mare, supposing that she has retained her own natural shape? How was it that the soldier mentioned by Æneas Sylvius did not recognize his wife, whom he pierced with his sword, and whose ears he cut off? How did Apollonius of Tyana persuade the Ephesians to kill a man who really was only a dog? How did he know that this dog, or this man, was the cause of the pestilence which afflicted Ephesus? It is, then, very credible that the evil spirit often acts on bodies, on the air, the earth, and on animals, and produces effects which appear above the power of man.

CHAPTER VII.

Bless the Lord, oh my soul! and all that is within me
bless his holy name;

Who forgiveth all thy iniquities and healeth all thy
diseases;

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee
with loving kindness and tender mercies.

MRS. FISHER.

I MUST now introduce to you Mrs. Fisher:—she
is so great a favorite of mine, that before I relate
what became of Myra, I must make you acquainted
with this lady.

Mrs. Fisher was a respectable, gentlewoman-like
personage of about fifty-four, of a grave, authoritative,
and somewhat severe aspect; but with the remains
of very extraordinary personal beauty, which
she had once possessed in an eminent degree. She
was somewhat above the middle size, of an erect,
firm, full figure; her hair, now gently turning gray,
drawn over her finely proportioned forehead; her
eyes large, and of a fine color and form—clear and
steady; her mouth expressive of sense and temper;
and her dress in character with the rest. Mrs. Fisher
was always handsomely dressed in silks of the best
description, but in slight mourning, which she
always wore; and on her head, also, a cap rather
plainer than the mode, but of the finest and most
expensive materials; nothing could be more dignified
and complete than her appearance.

When first Myra was introduced to her she was
both daunted and disappointed; the gravity, amounting
almost to sternness, with which Mrs. Fisher
received her, and explained to her the duties she
was expected to perform, awed in the first place,
and mortified in the second. The establishment of
this fashionable modiste, with which Myra had
associated nothing but laces and ribbons, dresses and
trimmings, embroidery and feathers, flattery and
display, struck cold and dull upon her imagination.
She was introduced into a handsomely but very
plainly furnished sitting room, where not one trace
of any of these pretty things were to be seen, and
heard of nothing but regularity of hours, persevering
industry, quaker neatness, attention to health,
and the strictest observance of the rules of what she
thought quite a prudish propriety.

Mrs. Fisher's life had been one of vicissitude, and
in its vicissitudes, she, a strong, earnest-minded
woman, had learned much. She had known sorrow,
privation, cruelly hard labor, and the loneliness of
utter desolation of the heart. She had, moreover,
been extremely beautiful, and she had experienced
those innumerable perils to which such a gift exposes
an unprotected girl, struggling for her bread, under
the cruellest circumstances of oppressive labor.
Every description of hardship, and every description
of temptation belonging to perhaps the hardest and
almost the most dangerous position of female life,
Mrs. Fisher had gone through.

She had outlived its sufferings and escaped its
snares.

The suffering, thanks to one of the finest constitutions
in the world; the snares, thanks to what
she always, with inexhaustible gratitude, acknowledged
as the special mercy and providence of God.

An orphan at the dangerous age of seventeen, the
lovely, blooming young creature was placed by her
friends in one of the most fashionable and largest
milliners' establishments at that time in London,
and had found herself at once miserable and excited,
oppressed and flattered.

The mistress of this flourishing house, intent
upon making a rapid fortune before the years in

which she could enjoy it should come to a close,
cared little—I might say nothing—for the welfare
of the poor creatures whose labors were to construct
that edifice. She, in fact, never thought about them.
Want of thought may be pleaded as the excuse,
wretched one as it is, for the cruelties of those days.
People certainly had not the claim of common humanity
sounded into their ears as it is into all ears
now. A few admirable philanthropists talked of it,
and preached it; but it was not to be heard calling
in the streets, as it is the triumph of our day to
acknowledge, till the hardest heart for very shame
is forced to pay *some* attention to the call.

It never entered into Miss Lavington's head that
she had any other business with her young women,
but to get all the work she possibly could out of
their hands, and as well done, and as speedily done
as possible. If she objected to night-work in addition
to day-work, it was not in the slightest degree
out of compassion for the aching limbs and wearied
eyes of the poor girls; but because wax candles
were expensive, and tallow ones were apt to drip;
and there was always double the duty required from
the superintendent, (her especial favorite,) to keep
the young women at those times to their duty, and
prevent fine materials from being injured.

Oh! those dreadful days and nights of the *season*,
which the poor Lucy Miles at that place went
through.

She—accustomed to the sweet, fresh air of the
country, to the cheerful variety of daily labor in her
father's large farm, and under the care of a brisk,
clever, but most kind and sensible mother—to be
shut up twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, nay twenty
hours before a birth-night, in the sickening atmosphere
of the close work-room. The windows were
rarely opened, if ever; for the poor young things
were so unnaturally chilly for want of exercise and
due circulation of the blood, that they said they
should, and perhaps they might, have taken cold if
fresh air were admitted. There was nothing they
all dreaded so much as taking cold; those fatal
coughs, which every season thinned the ranks, to
be filled with fresh victims, were invariably attributed
to some particular occasion when they had
"taken cold." They did not know that they were
rejecting the very cordial of life and inhaling poison
when they kept the room so close.

Oh! for the dreadful weariness which proceeds
from *in-action* of the limbs! so different from the
wholesome fatigue of action. *In-action* where the
blood is stagnating in every vein; *in-action*, after
which rest is not rest, but a painful effort of the
repressed currents to recover their circulating power
—so different from the delightful sensation of wholesome
rest after physical exertion.

At first she felt it almost insupportable. I have
heard her say that it seemed at times as if she would
have given years of her existence to be allowed to
get up and walk up and down the room for a few
minutes. The sensation was so insupportable. That
craving desire of the body for what it is in want of
—be it water, be it bread, be it rest, be it change
of posture—is so dreadful in its urgency. The most
abominable tortures men have in their wickedness
invented are founded upon this fact—tortures that
render the black history of inquisitors yet blacker;
and here it was, in one at least of its numerous
forms, daily inflicted upon a set of helpless young
women, by a person who thought herself perfectly
justifiable, and whose conscience never pricked her
in the least.

Such is negligent moral habit.

Oh! the delight at meal-times—to spring up, I was going to say—I meant to *get* up—for there was no *spring* left in these poor stiffened frames. Oh! the delight when the eye of that superintendent was no longer watching the busy circle, and her voice calling to order any one who durst just to raise a head, and pause in the unintermitting toil. Oh! the delight to get up and come to breakfast, or dinner, or tea.

They had not much appetite when they came to their meals, to be sure. There was only one thing they were always ready to enjoy, and that was their tea. That blessed and long abused tea; which has done more to sweeten private life with its gentle warmth and excitement, than any cordial that has ever been invented. It is but a cordial, however; it is not a nourishment; though a little sugar, and wretched blue milk, such as London milk used to be, may be added to it. Most of the young ladies, however, preferred it without these additions; they found it more stimulating so, I believe, poor things!

Such nourishment as they received, it is plain, would ill supply the rapid exhaustion of their employment. One by one in the course of the season they sickened and dropped off; some died out and out; some, alas! tempted by suffering and insupportable fatigue, or by that vanity and levity which seem to be too common a result of many girls living together, did worse. There would have been a heavy record against her every June, if Miss Lavington had taken the trouble to note down what had become of her missing young ladies.

I said they were relieved from their irksome continuance in one posture by going to their meals, and what a relief it was! but they did not always get that. When there was more than usual to be done, their tea would be brought to them where they sat, and there would be no intermission.

So things went on at Miss Lavington's in those days. I wonder in how many establishments of the same description things go on so now! How many to which that voice of humanity which "calls in the streets" has not yet penetrated?

We shall by-and-by see what was the case in Mrs. Fisher's, but for the present we will go on with her history.

So beautiful a young creature as she was could not long escape trials, yet more to be lamented than those of physical suffering.

In the first place, there was the conversation of the young ladies themselves; a whispering manner of conversation when at work; a busy chattering of emancipated tongues during the intervals. And what was it all about?

Why, what was it likely to be about?—love and lovers—beauty and its admirers—dress and its advantages—he and him—and, Dear me, were n't you in the Park last Sunday! Where could you be! and did you not see the carriage go by! What had you on! Oh, that pink bonnet. I cribbed a bit of Mrs. M—'s blonde for a voilette. If people will send their own materials they deserve as much. I've heard Mrs. Saunders (the superintendent) say so scores of times. Well, well, and I saw it, I'm certain of it. Well, did anything come of it?

Alas! alas! and so on—and so on—and so on.

And Lucy was very soon taught to go on Sundays into the Park; at first, poor girl, merely to breathe the fresh air and inhale the delicious west wind, and look at trees and grass, and cows and deer once more, and listen to the birds singing. At first she thought the crowds of gayly dressed people quite spoiled the pleasure of the walk, and tried to coax

her companions to leave the ring, and come and walk in the wood with her; but she soon learned better, and was rapidly becoming as bewitched with the excitement of gazing, and the still greater excitement of being gazed at, as any of them.

She was so uncommonly beautiful that she got her full, and more than her full share of this latter pleasure; and it was not long before she had those for whom she looked out amid the crowds upon the ring, and felt her heart beat with secret delight as she saw them.

Then, as her health began to decline, as dislike insupportable for her occupation and its confinement,—as weariness not to be described, came on;—as longings for little luxuries to be seen in every shop which she passed by, for fruit or confectionery, haunted her palled and diseased appetite as the vision of food haunts the wretch who is starving;—as the desire of fine clothes, in which her companions managed to array themselves;—as the more insidious, and more honorable longings of the heart, the desolate heart, beset her—cravings for affection and sympathy;—when all these temptations were embodied together in the shape of one, but too gentle, and insinuating; oh, then it was perilous work indeed!

Her mother had tried to give her a good, honest, homely education; had made such a Christian of her, as going to church, reading a chapter in the bible on a Sunday, and the catechism, makes of a young girl. There was nothing very vital or earnest about it; but such as it was, it was honest, and Lucy feared her God and revered her Saviour. Such sentiments were something of a defence, but it is to be feared that they were not firmly enough rooted in the character to have long resisted the force of overwhelming temptation.

This she was well aware of, and acknowledged to herself; and hence her deep, pervading, ineffable gratitude, for the Providence which she believed had saved her.

She was getting on very fast on the evil road upon which she had entered. Every Sunday the progress she made was fearful. A few more, at the pace at which she was advancing, and there would have been an end of it, when a most unexpected accident arrested her in the fatal career.

One remarkably fine Sunday, when all the members of the establishment had been enjoying their usual recreation in the Park—just as Lucy and some of her giddy friends were coming through Grosvenor Gate—they saw the superintendent before them.

"There's that old Saunders, I declare!" cries one. "Stand back a little, won't ye?—she'll see our bonnets else, and I'll be bound she'll know the rosettes, and where they come from."

There was time for no more. Mrs. Saunders, who was rather late, being in haste to get home, attempted to cross, as a curriole at full speed came driving down Park Lane, and before the gentleman within could draw up, the unfortunate woman was under the horses' heels. There was a terrible bustle. The young ladies with the rosettes managed to escape; but Lucy, who had at least preserved her integrity thus far, and had nothing about her dress not strictly her own, rushed forward, and helped to raise the poor woman, declaring she knew who she was, and was placed with her by the assistants in the hackney coach in which she was carried home.

Lucy was naturally of a very kind and humane disposition; and her care of the poor suffering woman during the transit to Miss Lavington's—

united to the kindness and assiduity with which, every one else but the under maid of all being absent, she tended and waited upon her—so engaged Mrs. Saunders' affection, that afterwards, during the whole of the subsequent illness, which broken limbs and ribs occasioned, she made it her particular request to Miss Lavington that Lucy might be spared from the work-room to nurse and keep her company; adding, for that lady's satisfaction, that though the best nurse, and nicest young girl of the lot, she certainly, being the youngest, was the least of a proficient in the peculiar art she followed.

The poor woman lay groaning piteously upon her bed, waiting the arrival of the surgeon. The surgeon, an elderly man, was out of town, and could not attend; a young man appeared in his place. He had just joined himself to the old man in the quality of assistant and future partner; and hearing that the case was one of an accident, and urgent, he hurried to the house, resolving to send for more experienced assistance, if such should be found necessary.

He was shown up-stairs, and hastily entered the room in which the sufferer lay. She was very much bruised about the chest, and she drew her breath with difficulty; and, though exceedingly weak and faint, was unable to lie down. She was resting in the arms of one who appeared to the young man like an angel.

The lovely girl, with a face of the tenderest pity, was holding the poor groaning woman upon one arm, bending over her with an air of almost divine kindness, and softly wiping the dew-drops which in the agony came starting upon the patient's brow.

The young man received an impression which death alone effaced, though the bright visionary glance was only momentary. He was instantly by the side of his patient, and soon with much skill and courage doing what was necessary for immediate relief, though at the very first moment, when he had discovered the serious nature of the case, he had begged the young lady to tell Miss Lavington that it would be proper to send for some surgeon of more experience and eminence than himself to take the direction of it.

"Don't go away," said Mrs. Saunders feebly, as Lucy was rising to obey. "Don't send her away, Mister—I can't do without her—Miss Lavington's not at home—one need not ask her for me. —Who should be sent for?"

The young man named a gentleman high in his profession. Was it that able and benevolent man whom the world has so lately lost? That kind, frank, manly, courageous man of genius, whom no one approached but to find help and comfort? I don't know—but be he who he might, when he did at length arrive, he gave the most unqualified praise to the proceedings of our young gentleman, and called the color to the pale cheek of the young and serious-looking student by his approbation. He finished his visit by assuring Mrs. Saunders that she could not be in safer hands than those in which he had found her, and recommended her to put herself entirely under the charge of the young practitioner, adding an assurance that he would be ready at any instant to come if he should be wanted; and that he would, at all events, call in once or twice as a friend during the progress of the case.

Mrs. Saunders liked the looks of the young man much—and who did not? and was quite contented with this arrangement, to which, as I told you, was added the comfort of retaining Lucy Miles as

her nurse and companion during what threatened to be a very tedious confinement. Miss Lavington well knew the value of a Mrs. Saunders in such an establishment as hers, and was willing to make any sacrifice to forward her recovery.

So Lucy left the wearying work-room and the dangerous recreations of the Sunday, to sit and watch by the bedside of a peevish, uncomfortable sort of an old woman, who was perpetually making demands upon her patience and good-nature, but who really suffered so greatly from her accident, that Lucy's pity and kindness were proof against everything. The young surgeon went and came—went and came—and every time he came, this angel of beauty and goodness was ministering by the old woman's bed. And those eyes of his—eyes of such prevailing power in their almost enthusiastic expression of serious earnestness—were bent upon her; and sometimes her eyes, soft and melting as those of the dove, or bright and lustrous as twin stars, met his.

He could not but linger in the sick woman's room a little longer than was necessary, and the sick woman unwittingly favored this, for she took a great liking to him, and nothing seemed to refresh and amuse her amid her pains like a little chat with this nice young man. And then the young surgeon remarked that at such times Lucy was allowed to sit quietly down and amuse herself with a little needlework, and he thought this an excellent reason for making his visits as long as he decently could.

The young nurse and the young doctor all this while had conversed very little with each other; but she listened, and he gazed, and that was quite enough. The case proved a very serious one. Poor Mrs. Saunders, superintendent as she was, and not workwoman-driver, not slave—yet could no more than the rest escape the deleterious effects of the close work-room. Her constitution was much impaired. The wines and cordials she had accustomed herself to take to support nature, as she thought, under these fatigues, had increased the mischief; wounds would not heal as they ought; contusions would not disperse; the internal injury in the chest began to assume a very threatening appearance. Mr. L. came to the assistance of the young surgeon repeatedly—all that human skill could do was done, but Mrs. Saunders grew alarmingly worse.

For a long time she resisted the evidence which her own sensations might have afforded her, and avoided asking any questions which might enlighten her. She was determined not to die; and, even in a case so awfully serious and real as this, people seem to cling to the persuasion, so prevailing in lighter circumstances, that because a thing *shant* be, it won't be, and because they are determined it is not, it is not. So, for many days, Mrs. Saunders went on, exceedingly angry if everybody did not say she was getting better, and half inclined to dismiss her young surgeon, much as she liked him, because he looked grave after he had visited her injuries.

He *did* look grave, very grave. He was exceedingly perplexed in his mind as to what he ought to do; young surgeon as he was, fresh from those schools which, alas! so many who are acquainted with them represent as the very nurseries of infidelity and license both in speech and action, he was a deeply, seriously pious man. Such young men there are, who, like those three, walking unscathed through the furnace of fire in the faith of the Lord

their God, walk through a more terribly destructive furnace—the furnace of temptation—in the same faith, and “upon their bodies the fire hath no power, neither is a hair of their head singed.”

In what tears, in what prayers, in what anguished hope, what fervent aspiration, this sole treasure of a widowed mother, steeped in poverty to the very lips, had been reared, it would be long to tell; but she had committed him to One *never* found faithless, and under that blessing she had found in her pure and disinterested love for the being entrusted to her charge, that which had given her an eloquence, and a power, and a strength, which had told upon the boy.

He proved one of those rare creatures who pass through every stage of existence, as child, as school-boy, as youth; through nursery, school, college, marked as some bright peculiar being—peculiar only in this one thing, sincere, unaffected goodness. His religion had been, indeed, with him a thing little professed and rarely talked about, but it had been a holy panoply about his heart—a bright shield, which had quenched all the darts of evil; it shone around him like something of the radiance from a higher world. There was a sort of a glory round the young saint's head.

Such being the man, you will not be surprised to hear that his practice called forth most serious reflections—most melancholy and sad thoughts—and in no sick room where he had ever attended more than in the present one.

He could not frequent the house as much as his attendance rendered necessary without being pretty well aware of the spirit of the place; and whilst he grieved over the ruinous waste of health to which these young creatures were exposed, he was struck to the heart with horror at the idea of their moral ruin.

Mrs. Saunders talked openly and unreservedly, and betrayed the state of mind she was in; so completely, so entirely devoted to, wrapt up in, buried fathoms and fathoms deep in the things of this world; so totally lost to—so entirely to seek in everything connected with another; that the large, mournful, serious eye, as it turned to the sweet young creature sitting beside her, and passing her daily life in an element such as this, gazed with an expression of sad and tender pity, such as the minister of heaven might cast upon a perishing soul.

She did not quite understand all this. Those looks of interest, so inexpressibly sweet to her, she thought were excited by the view of her position as affecting her health and comfort. She thought it was that consumption, which, sooner or later, she believed must be her fate, which he was anticipating with so much compassion. She was blind to the far more dreadful dangers which surrounded her.

Poor Mrs. Saunders! At last it could no longer be concealed from her. She must die.

He broke the intelligence to her in the gentlest terms, as she, at last, in a paroxysm of terror, asked the question; giving her what hope he could, but still not denying that she stood in a fearful strait. It was a terrible scene that followed. Such a frightful agitation and hurry to accomplish in a few counted hours what ought to have been the business of a life. Such calling for psalms and prayers, such piteous beseechings for help; and, last of all, such an awful awakening of a slumbering conscience.

Like Richard's bed, on the eve of Bosworth fight, it seemed as if the spectral shadows of all

those she had injured in the body or the soul, by her unerring demands upon one, and her negligence as to the other, rose a host of dismal spectres round. Their pale, exhausted, pleading looks, as she scolded and threatened, when the clock struck one, and the task was yet undone—and the head for a moment dropped, and the throbbing fingers were still. Those hollow coughs in which she would *not* believe—those hectic flushes that she would not see—and worse, those walks, those letters, at which she had connived, because the girls did so much better when they had some nonsense to amuse them.

What fearful revelations were made as she raved aloud, or sank into a drowsy, dreary delirium! The old clergyman, who attended her, consoled, and reasoned, and prayed in vain. The two young people—that lovely girl, and that feeling, interesting, young man—stood by the bed appalled; he ghastly pale—pale with an agony of despairing pity—she trembling in every limb.

The death agony—and then that poor woman went to her account. There was no one in the room but themselves; it was late in the night, the morning, indeed, began faintly to dawn. The maids were all gone to bed, glad enough to escape the scene. He stood silently watching the departing breath. It stopped. He gave a deep sigh, and stooping down, piously closed the eyes. She had turned away in horror and in dread, but shedding some natural tears. He stood looking at her some time, as there she stood, weeping by the bed; at last he spoke.

“This may seem a strange time to choose, but I have something to say to you. Will you listen to me!”

She took her handkerchief from her eyes, and gazed at him with a wondering, grave sort of look, as a child might do. His voice had something so very remarkable in it.

He passed to the side where she was standing, and said, “I am a very, very poor man, and I have a helpless mother entirely dependent upon me for support, and if it were my last morsel of bread, aye, and wife and children were perishing for want of it, it is *she* who should have it.”

She only looked at him wondering like.

“This is a fearful precipice upon which you stand. That poor creature has sunk into the gulf which yawns beneath your feet. May God, in his mercy, look upon her! But you, beautiful as one of heaven's angels—as yet pure and sinless as a child—must you fall, sink, perish, in this mass of loathsome corruption? Better starve, better die—far, far better.”

“Alas, alas!” she cried, with a scared and terrified look—“Alas! alas! ten hundred thousand times better. Oh, what must I do?—what must I do?”

“Take up your cross; venture upon the hardships of a poor man's wife. Discard all the prides, and pomps, and vanities—the vain, vain delusions of flattery; trample upon the sin, triumph over the temptation. Put yourself under the protection of an honest man, who loves you from his soul. Starve, if it must be, but die the death of the righteous and pure.”

She gazed at him, amazed; she did not yet understand him.

“Marry *me*. Come to my blessed, my excellent mother's roof. It is homely, but it is honest; and let us labor and suffer together, if need be. It is all I can offer you, but it will save you.”

The arms, the beautiful arms were expanded, as it were in a very agony of joy. The face! oh, was it not glorious in its beauty then? Did he ever forget it?

And so the contract was sealed, and so she was rescued from the pit of destruction into which she was rapidly sinking.

And this it was that had excited such impassioned, such lasting, such devoted feelings of gratitude to Him who rules the course of this world, in a heart which had only to be shown what was good to embrace it.

Fisher was all he had said; extremely poor. His salary, as assistant, was handsome, nevertheless. He received one hundred a year and his board from the gentleman with whom he was; but his dress, which was necessarily rather expensive, and his mother, who had only an annuity of twelve pounds a year, consumed it all. Still you see he was by no means actually starving; and he thought the young wife he was going to bring home would be no very great addition to his expenses; and he trusted, if children came, that he should, by his exertions, be able to provide for them. In two years his engagement with the present gentleman as his assistant would be at an end; and he had received from the old man, who was a sort of humorist in his way, several very strong hints about partnership, if he would be satisfied with a reasonable share. Partnership would, in the course of time, he knew, become sole proprietorship, at the death or retirement of his aged patron—one of which events could not be very far distant.

It was, therefore, with great satisfaction, after having summoned the necessary attendance, and sent his young betrothed to rest, that Fisher walked home on a fine fresh morning.

It was true he had taken a step most people would call very imprudent, thus to encumber himself with a young wife at the very outset of his career; certainly he had never intended any such thing. He had always resolved to be patient, and have a little store of money by him, before he persuaded any one to begin the world with him. He could not bear the idea of all being dependent upon his own life, and risking the chance of leaving a widow and a young family destitute. But this was an exceptional case, for he could not, without trembling, contemplate the dangers which surrounded this young and innocent girl. His medical knowledge taught him but too well the perils to the health of one so fresh and blooming, from labors in close rooms to which she was so little accustomed—death stared her in the face, unless she escaped it by means at which he shuddered to think.

The only way in which he, young as he was, could possibly help her, was to withdraw her from the dangerous scene and make her his wife; and on that step he had been for some days resolving. The emotion she had shown, the timorous joy, the sweet confidence in his love and honor, had given a rapturous feeling of happiness to him quite new. He had intended benevolently and kindly; he had met with all the blessings of sincere attachment.

Instead of walking to Mrs. Stedman's to take some rest, which he very much needed, he went to his mother's house, or rather the house where he had taken a snug little apartment for his mother.

It lay somewhere out Brompton way; in which district neat rows of small houses are to be found

looking backwards upon pleasant greens and gardens. There he had found a modest little suite of apartments; one sitting-room, and two bed-rooms—a room for his mother and another sometimes occupied by himself.

The little hut, a tiny place it was, was clean to the greatest nicety, and, though fitted up in the very simplest and cheapest manner, had an air of perfect comfort. The walls were stained green, the drugget upon the floor was pink and fawn; the chairs were covered with what used to be called Manchester stripe—very clean and pleasant looking, and excellent for wash and wear. There was a pretty little table for tea and dinner, and a nice round three-clawed one close by the mother's side—who was established in the only article of luxury in the room, a very comfortable arm-chair. There the old lady passed her life.

She had lost the use of her lower limbs for some years; but her health of body and mind in other respects was sound. The only thing for which the son had as yet *coveted* a little more money, had been that he might possess the means to give his mother the enjoyment of exercise and air; and when he passed young men, the very pictures of health and strength, lounging idly in their carriages, as one sometimes does in the Park, though not given to such nonsense, he could not help uttering a secret exclamation against the inequalities of fortune, and thinking the blindness of the goddess of the wheel no fable.

They were but passing thoughts these, such as the best have, when they languish for the means of bestowing good.

Such indulgences, however, were rarely to be thought of, though now and then he managed to obtain them; but, as the best compensation he could make, he paid a few guineas a year more for this pretty apartment, of which the back room, elongated into a little bow-window, formed the sitting room—what would have been the front sitting room being divided into the two bed rooms. This pleasant bow-window looked over a row of gardens belonging to the neighboring houses, and these to a considerable tract of nursery-ground filled with rows of fruit trees, and all the cheerful, pleasant objects to be seen in such places. In summer the arm-chair was wheeled to the window, and the whole of the view was disclosed to the old lady; in winter it returned to the fire; but even there she did not lose her pretty view altogether; the room was so little that from her place she might easily command it. Miss Martineau, in a book of hers, has given us a most valuable and interesting account of the way in which, during a tedious and most trying illness, her active spirit confined to one place, she used to amuse herself, and while away the time by looking out of her window through her telescope and watching all that was going on. This old lady did much the same, minus the good telescope, which she had not. Her son, however, had presented her with an old-fashioned opera-glass, which he had picked up at some second-hand retailer or other, and as it was a good one, and moreover, very light to the hand, it did as well for her and better.

In some things the old lady had a little resemblance to Miss Martineau. She had the same cheerful activity of mind, the same readiness of adapting herself to circumstances—things in a great measure constitutional. She was, moreover, a very shrewd, sensible woman, and deeply pious—pious in the most excellent way; really, vitally,

seriously. She came of a good old puritan stock, where piety had been cherished from generation to generation. Some physiologists say, even that the *acquired* moral qualities and habits descend to the succeeding generation. It is possible an aptness for good or evil may be, and often is, inherited from those who have gone before. It would seem to have been so in this case. The pious father and mother, children of as pious parents, had left this pious daughter—and her excellences had descended in accumulated measure to her son. This old lady had been sorely tried; death and poverty had done their worst; except in as far as the cruel ravager had spared her this one boy—one of many children—all followed the delicate consumptive man who had been their father. She had borne it all. Strong in faith, she had surrendered her treasures to the Lord of life, in trust that they should be found again when he maketh up his jewels. Cheerful as was her temper, life's course had been too rough with her for her to value it very much, when those lovely promising buds, but half disclosed, were one after the other gathered. But she had escaped that racking agony of the loving, but too faithless mother—when all the sweets of nature in its abundance flow around her, and *they* are not there to enjoy.

When suns shine bright o'er heaven's blue vault serene,
Birds sing in trees, and sweet flowers deck the plain,
Weep I for thee, who in the cold, cold grave
Sleep, and all nature's harmony is vain.
But when dark clouds and threat'ning storms arise,
And doubt and fear my trembling soul invade;
My heart one comfort owns, *thou art not here*;
Safe slumbering, in the earth's kind bosom laid.

She was happier far than the author of these lines.

She looked upwards; she almost saw those she had lost, the objects of a glorious resurrection—already living in the ineffable presence of the God whom they had so faithfully endeavored to serve.

I need not tell you, after this, that her spirits were subdued to a holy calmness and composure.

Her life had been one of the most active endeavor after usefulness. The good she had managed to do can scarcely be calculated. Grains of sand they might be, these hoarded minutes, but it was golden sand; the heap accumulated was large and precious, at the end of sixty-five years.

What money she had possessed she had expended courageously in giving a professional education to her son. Her little annuity of twelve pounds a year was all she had saved for herself. Upon that she believed, with her own exertions, she could manage to exist till her son was able to support both; but she had been struck down earlier than she calculated upon. She had at this time lost the use of her lower limbs altogether, and was visited with such trembling in her hands, that she was obliged to close the task abruptly, and to sit down dependent upon her son before she had expected it.

It had been very trying work till he obtained his present situation, and he still felt very poor, because he was resolved every year to lay twenty pounds or so by, that in case anything should happen to him, his mother might have some little addition to her means provided. He was rather strangely provident for the ease of his own death; so young a man as he was; perhaps he felt the faltering spring of life within, which he had inherited from his father.

Three years the mother and son had thus lived together, and Fisher was master of sixty pounds.

He had never allowed himself to cast a thought upon marriage, though of a temper ardently to desire, and rapturously to enjoy, domestic felicity. He said to himself he must first provide for his mother's independence, and then think about his own happiness. But the accident which had brought him and Lucy together had produced other thoughts—thoughts which he had, but the very day before the nursing so suddenly closed, communicated to his mother, and she had said:

"I think you are quite right, John. Imprudent marriages are, in most cases, very wrong things—a mere tempting of Providence; and, that no blessing follows such tempting, we know from the best authority; but this is a most pious, benevolent, and very rational attempt to save a fellow-creature upon the brink of destruction, and I think it would be a want of faith, as well as a want of common humanity, in either of us to hesitate; I am very glad she seems such a sweet, innocent, pretty creature, for your sake, my darling John; I hope she will bring a blessing into your dwelling, and repay you for your goodness to me; I am sorry she must come and live with your old mother, for young wives don't like that—but I promise you I will do my very best to be as amiable as an old woman can; and, moreover, I will neither be cross nor disappointed if she is not always as amiable as a young woman ought to be. Will that do? Yes, yes; fetch her away from that sink of iniquity, and we'll all get along somehow or other, never fear."

And so Lucy Miles, blushing like a rose, and, as her young and delighted husband thought, more beauteous than an angel of light, was in a few weeks married to John Fisher, and she went home to the old lady.

Amid the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth, and there you learnt
From years of quiet industry to love
The living beings of your own fire-side.

The eloquent tongue of Fisher had over and over again related with deep feeling the history of all he owed to his mother; and Lucy, far from feeling inclined to be jealous of the devoted affection he felt for her, like a good, loving girl as she was, extended the ardent attachment she felt towards her husband to everything that belonged to him.

She had lost her own parents, whom she had loved exceedingly, though they were quite ordinary people. She soon almost worshipped old Mrs. Fisher.

Lucy had been little improved by those who had the rearing of her; she was a girl of excellent dispositions, but her education had been commonplace. In the society of the old lady her good gifts, both of head and heart, expanded rapidly. The passionate desire she felt to render herself worthy of her husband, whom she adored almost as some superior being, made her an apt and docile pupil.

A few years thus spent, and you would scarcely have known her again. Her piety was deep, and had become a habit—a part of her very soul; her understanding, naturally excellent, had been developed and strengthened; the most earnest desire to perform her part well—to do good and extend virtue and happiness, and to sweeten the lives of all with whom she had to do, had succeeded to thoughtless good nature, and a sort of instinctive kindness. Anxiety for her husband's health,

which constantly oppressed her ; a sort of trembling fear that she should be bereaved early of this transcendent being ; this it was, perhaps, which enhanced the earnest, serious tone of one so young.

She was extremely industrious, in the hope of adding to her husband's means of rest and recreation, and the accidental acquaintance with a French *modiste*, who had fallen ill in London, was in great distress, and whom Fisher attended through charity, had put her into the way of improving herself in this art more than she could have done even in that eminent school, the work-room of Miss Lavington. The Frenchwoman was a very amiable, and pious person, too. She was a French Protestant ; the connection ripened into friendship, and it ended by placing Mrs. Fisher in the state of life in which we find her. Fisher fell desperately ill in consequence of a fever brought on at a dissection, from which he narrowly escaped with life : the fever left him helpless and incapable of exertion. The poor mother was by this time dead ; he succeeded to the vacant arm-chair. Then his wife resolved upon doing that openly which she had till now done covertly, merely working for the bazaars. She persuaded her husband, when a return to his profession appeared hopeless, to let her employ his savings in setting up business with Madame Noel, and from small beginnings had reached that high place in her profession which she now occupied.

No sooner had Mrs. Fisher established a working-room of her own, and engaged several young women to labor under her superintendence, than the attention of her husband was seriously turned to the subject of those evils from which he had rescued his wife.

She had suffered much, and experienced several of the evils consequent upon the manner such places were managed ; but she would probably not have reflected upon the causes of these evils, nor interested herself so deeply as she afterwards did in applying the remedies, if it had not been for the promptings of this excellent man.

His medical skill made him thoroughly aware of the injurious effect produced upon the health by the ill-regulated system of such establishments ; and his thoughts, as he sat resigned to helplessness in his arm-chair, were seriously directed to that subject.

In consequence of his suggestions it was, that Mrs. Fisher began her life of business upon a plan of her own, to which she steadily adhered. At first she found considerable difficulty in carrying it out—there are always numerous obstructions to be met with in establishing any improvements ; but where the object is rational and benevolent, perseverance and a determined will triumph over every difficulty.

The first thing Fisher insisted upon was ventilation ; the second, warmth ; the third, plenty of good, wholesome and palatable food ; the fourth, exercise. He determined upon a house being selected which was not closely built up behind, and that the room in which the young ladies worked should be large and commodious in proportion to the inmates. A portion of the little money he had saved was sacrificed to the additional expense thus incurred. He looked upon it, he told his wife, as given to charity, for which she must expect no return, and for which she should look for no interest. A good wide grate, which should be well supplied with a cheerful fire in winter, was to

assist the ventilation, proceeding from a scientific plan of his own, which kept the room constantly supplied with a change of air ; and under the table at which the girls sat at work, there was in winter a sort of long square wooden pipe, filled with hot water and covered with carpeting upon which they could put their feet ; the extreme coldness of the feet, arising from want of circulation, being one of the causes to which Fisher attributed many of the maladies incident to this mode of life.

The next object of attention was the table. Fisher had been at school, at one or two different schools, resembling each other in one thing only—the scandalous—I must use the strong and offensive word—the scandalous neglect or worse than neglect—the infamous and base calculations upon the subject of food which pervaded the system of those schools, and which pervaded, I am sorry to say, so many of the schools with which he had chanced to be acquainted. In the course of his practice as a medical man, his opportunities for observation had been above the common.

In fine ladies' schools, I cannot assert that the shameful economy of buying inferior provisions, and the shameful indifference as to how they were cooked, which prevail in so many boys' schools, were to be found—but a fault almost equally great prevailed too generally. There was not *enough*. These growing girls, stimulated to most unnatural exertions both of body and mind, peculiarly unnatural to growing girls, who require so much care, fresh air, exercise and rest for their due development—these young things had very rarely nearly so much to eat as they could have eaten.

Sometimes enough was literally not set before them ; at others a sort of fashion in the school to consider a good appetite as a proof of coarseness, greediness, and vulgarity, worked but too effectually upon these sensitive creatures. A girl at that age would rather be starved than ridiculed or sneered at for eating.

But in boys' schools—expensive boys' schools too—where six times as much was paid for a boy's board as would have boarded him—either through scandalous parsimony, or the most inexcusable negligence, he had seen meat brought into the house not fit to eat ; cheap and bad in itself, but rendered doubly unwholesome in summer by the most utter carelessness as to whether it was fresh. Boys are hardy things, and it is right they should not be accustomed to be too nice ; but wholesome plain roast and boiled is what they pay for, and ought to have ; and the defrauding them of what is so necessary to health, vigor, and even intellect, in this unprincipled manner, is almost the very worst form of robbery any man can be guilty of.

Fisher was resolved it should not be so in his wife's house. He and his wife had agreed that the young ladies she employed should be lodged and boarded under her roof, unless they had respectable parents who could and would be fully answerable for them ; and they should have a plentiful and a pleasant table—that he was resolved upon. As he was competent to little else, he took this matter upon himself. He calculated what ought fairly to be laid out, and he laid it all out. He would not economize a penny. If he was able to make a good bargain with his butcher, the young ladies, not he, should have the benefit of it all. They should have a bit of fish, or a little poultry, or a little good fruit, poor girls, to vary a meal, to which they could not bring the sturdy appetite of much out-of-door exercise.

Then came the great chapter of that exercise. There was the difficulty—how much time could Mrs. Fisher positively afford to lose!—to abandon to this object?—for the work must *pay*—or it could not continue to be done. But the difficulty diminished upon examination. Time may be counted by strength as well as by minutes. The same thing may, by two different hands, be accomplished in most unequal portions of time.

The dreadful feeling of weariness, which, as Lucy, she so well remembered—one consequence of sitting so long in an unchanged position, and at the same employment—that dreadful feeling could not be forgotten by her. Her horror at the recollection was so strong, that of this matter she thought more than even her benevolent husband.

He recollected to have heard that the Jesuits, those masters of human development, physical as well as intellectual, never suffered a pupil to be employed more than two hours upon the same thing without a change—to get up and turn round the chair—to pace five minutes up and down the room would in many cases suffice. Mr. Fisher laid down his plan.

Two hours the young ladies worked, and then for ten minutes they were allowed to lay down their needles; they might walk about the room, into the passage, up and down stairs, or sit still and lounge. That precious, useful *lounge*, so fatally denied to the wearied spine of many a growing girl, was here permitted. They might look about them, or close their eyes and be stupefied; in short, do just what they liked.

It was soon found by experience that the work done after this refreshing pause more than made up for the time thus expended.

Such were some of the plans of this kindhearted and highly-principled man—and the blooming looks, the gay spirits, the bright eyes, of the happy little community did credit to the scheme.

Fisher lived but a few years to carry out the rule he had instituted; but to his wife it was as a sacred legacy from his hand, and during the whole course of her subsequent life she faithfully adhered to it.

Her house was like a convent in some things, but it was a very happy convent. Everything proceeded with a clockwork order, and yet there was a liberty such as few girls thus employed, in spite of their intervals of license, could enjoy.

It was a happy party, over which this remarkably handsome, and now distinguishedly fashionable milliner, and dignified-looking lady, presided. Nothing indiscreet or unseemly was ever permitted. The rule, perhaps, might be a little too grave, and the manner of the young ladies too sedate—but they were innocent and good; and they had their recreations, for Mrs. Fisher took them out, turn and turn about, upon a Sunday in her carriage, and the others walked with the two superintendents—persons carefully selected for their good principles and good conduct.

Mrs. Fisher, too, was a little bit of a match-maker; and if she had a weakness, it was her fondness for settling her young ladies. Nothing pleased her better than when they were sought—and they were such nice, well-behaved girls, this often happened—by worthy young men in their own rank of life. Mrs. Fisher always gave the wedding-gown and bonnet, and the wedding-dinner, and a white satin reticule or bag, drawn with rose-colored ribbons, with a pretty pink and white purse in it, with silver tassels, and rings, and containing

a nice little sum for the bride's pocket-money. You will easily understand how Mrs. Danvers had struck up quite a friendship with Mrs. Fisher. Once, indeed, in her days of youth and gayety, she had been one of her most valuable customers. She had long done with fine things, but the interest she took in the affairs of Mrs. Fisher's establishment had endeared her very much to that good lady, and hence she had, at her earnest request, consented to take Myra, though her own instinct, the moment she cast her eyes upon this beautiful, dawdling-looking being, had assured her that she was, to use her own phrase, not one of *her* own sort.

Myra was grievously disappointed upon her side. She was quite one to be blind to the solid advantages of her position, and to look with querulous regret upon all the flashy and brilliant part of such a business, in which she was not allowed to take the least share.

Precisely because she was so beautiful did Mrs. Fisher exclude her from the show-room—that theatre which was to have been the scene of her triumphs.

The beautiful things she was employed in manufacturing left her hands to be seen no more—and, alas! never by her to be tried on. It was tantalizing work to part with them, and forever, as soon as they left her hand.

Then she was obliged to be punctual to a moment in her hours; a grievous yoke to her who had never been educated to submit to any. To dress with the most careful attention to neatness, though there was “nothing but a pack of women to look at her,”—to listen to “a prosy book,”—a book, I forgot to say, was read aloud in the work-room—instead of gossiping and having a little fun; and to walk out on Sundays under the wing of that old, hideous haridan, Mrs. Sterling, instead of going with her companions where she pleased. In short, it was worse “than negro slavery,” but there was no help for it—there she was, and there she was obliged to stay.

Well, and did she improve under this good discipline? Was she any the better for it? I am sorry to say very little.

There are subjects that are almost unimprovable. She was, by nature, a poor, shallow, weedy thing; her education had been the worst possible for her. Evil habits, false views, low aims, had been imbibed, and not one fault corrected whilst young; and self-experience, which rectifies in most so much that is wrong, seemed to do nothing for her. There was no substance to work upon. Mrs. Fisher was soon heartily tired of her, and could have regretted her complaisance to Mrs. Danvers' wishes in receiving her against her judgment; but she was too good to send her away. She laughed and accepted her as a penance for her sins, she said—as a thorn in the flesh—and she let the thorn rankle there. She remembered her honored Fisher, and the scene by the bed-side of poor Saunders. She looked upon the endurance of this plague as a fresh offering to the adored memory.

She bore this affliction like a martyr for a long time; at last a smart young tailor fell in love with Myra at church—a place where he had been better employed thinking of other things. And so I believe he thought after he had married her, in spite of the white dress and silk bonnet, and the reticule with pink ribbons, and the bride's pocket-money, which Mrs. Fisher bestowed with more pleasure

and alacrity than even she had been known to do upon many a worthier subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

Yet once more, oh, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me—

I MUST beg of you to slip over a portion of time, and to suppose about two years passed over our heads, and we return to Lettice, who has passed that period at General Melwyn's.

So useful, so cheerful, so thoroughly good, so sincerely pious, so generously disinterested she was; and the transformation she had accomplished was astonishing.

And was she as happy herself as she made others? Nobody at the Hazels thought of exactly asking that question. And yet they might have reflected a little, and inquired, whether to one, the source of so much comfort to others, the natural felicity of her age was not denied?

Could a young being like *her* be *very* happy, living with two old people, and without one single companion of her own age?—Without prospect, without interest in that coming life, which the young imagination paints in such lovely colors?

One may boldly affirm she was *not* so happy as she deserved to be, and that it was quite impossible, with a heart formed for every tender affection, as was hers, that she *should*.

She began to be visited by a troublesome guest, which in the days of hardship she had never known. The very ease which surrounded her, the exemption from all necessity for laborious industry actually increasing the evil, gradually seemed to grow upon her. There was a secret distaste for life—a void in the heart, not filled by natural affections—a something which asked for tenderer relations, more earnest duties—a home—a household—a family of her own!

She blamed herself very much when first this little secret feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent began to steal over her. How could she be so ungrateful? She had every comfort in the world—more, much more, than she had any title to expect; infinitely more than many far more deserving than herself were allowed to enjoy. Why could she not have the same light, contented spirit within her breast, that had carried her triumphantly through so many hardships, and enlivened so many clouded days?

Poor Lettice! It was vain to find fault with herself. Life would seem flat. The mere routine of duties, unsweetened by natural affection, would weary the spirit at times. There was a sweetness wanting to existence—and existence, without that invigorating sweetness, is to the best of us a tedious and an exhausting thing.

So thought Catherine, when, about eighteen months or two years after her marriage, she came for the first time with Edgar to visit her father and mother.

The regimental duties of the young officer had carried him to the Ionian Islands very shortly after his marriage; promotion had brought him home, and he and his young wife, with a sweet infant of about twelve months old, hastened down to the Hazels to visit Catherine's parents.

I pass over the joy of the meeting—I pass over

the satisfaction felt by Catherine at the happy revolution which had taken place—at her father's improved temper, her mother's more tranquil spirits, the absence of Randall, and the general good behavior which pervaded the household.

She looked upon every member of it with satisfaction except one; and that was the very one who ought to have been the happiest; for she was the cause and the origin of all this happiness. But Lettice did not, she thought, look as she used to do; her eyes had lost something of their vivacity; and the good heart of Catherine was grieved.

"It pains me so, Edgar—you cannot think," she said to her husband, as she walked leaning upon his arm, through the pleasant groves and gardens of the Hazels. "I can scarcely enjoy my own happiness for thinking of her. Poor dear, she blames herself so for not being perfectly happy—as if one could have effects without causes—as if the life she leads here could make any one perfectly happy. Not one thing to enjoy—for as to her comfortable room, and the good house, and the pretty place, and all that sort of thing, a person soon gets used to it—and it shuts out uneasiness, but it does not bring delight—at least to a young thing of that age. Child of the house as I was—and early days as they were with me when you were among us, Edgar—I never knew what true happiness was till then—that is, I should very soon have felt a want of some object of interest; though it *was* my own father and mother!"

"So I took the liberty to lay before you, my fair haranguer, if you recollect, when you made so many difficulties about carrying my knapsack."

"Ah! that was because it seemed so heartless, so cruel, to abandon my parents just when they wanted me so exceedingly. But what a debt of gratitude I owe to this dear Lettice for settling all these matters so admirably for me!"

"I am glad you confess to a little of that debt, which I, on my part, feel to be enormous."

"I heartily wish there were any means of paying it. I wish I could make Lettice as happy as she has made all of us."

The young officer shook his handsome head.

"Mamas in our rank of life make such a point of endeavoring to settle their daughters—to start them in households of their own—where, if they are exposed to many troubles which they escape under their father's roof, they have many more interests and sources of happiness. But there is nobody to think of such matters as connected with this poor fatherless and motherless girl."

"Mothers, even in your rank, my love, don't always succeed in accomplishing this momentous object. I don't see what possible chance there is for one in Lettice's condition—except the grand one, the effective one—in my opinion almost the only one—namely, the chapter of accidents."

"Ah! that chapter of accidents! It is a poor dependence."

"Nay, Catherine, that is not said with your usual piety."

"True—I am sorry—and yet, where another's happiness is concerned, one feels as if it were wrong to trust too much—even to Providence; with great reverence be it said—I mean, that in no given event can we exactly tell how much we are expected to use our own exertions—how much diligence on our part is required of us, in order to produce a happy result."

"I agree with you quite and entirely; and if there is a thing that angers me beyond measure—it

is to see a pious person fold his hands—sit down and trust the happiness of another to, as he says, Providence. If I have any just idea of Providence, an ample retribution will be in store for these sort of religionists."

"Well, that is just as I feel—but in a sort of confused way. You say those things so much better than I do, Edgar."

"Do I? Well, that is news to me."

"But to return. Cannot we do something for this good creature?"

"I don't exactly see what we can do. Besides, there is your poor mother. Would you pull down all her little edifice of happiness, by taking Lettice away from her?"

"That is a terrible consideration;—and yet what was true of me is doubly and trebly true of Lettice. My darling mother would not hear of me relinquishing my happiness upon her account—and ought Lettice to be allowed to make such a sacrifice?"

"Well, well, my dear, it is time enough to begin to deprecate such a sacrifice when the opportunity for it occurs; but I own I see little hope of a romance for your poor, dear Lettice, seeing that an important personage in such matters—namely, a hero—seems to me to be utterly out of the question. There is not a young gentleman within twenty miles, so far as I can see, that is in the least likely to think of the good girl."

"Alas, no!—that is the worst of it."

But the romance of Lettice's life was nearer than they imagined.

The visit of Catherine at the Hazels cheered up Lettice very much; and in the delights of a little society with those of her own age, she soon forgot all her quarrels with herself; and brushed away the cobwebs which were gathering over her brain. She was enchanted, too, with the baby, and as she felt that, whilst Catherine was with her mother, she rather interfered with, than increased Mrs. Melwyn's enjoyment, she used to indulge herself with long walks through the beautiful surrounding country, accompanying the nurse and helping to carry the babe.

She visited several lonely places and remote cottages, where she had never been before; and began to feel a new interest given to existence, when she was privileged to assist others under the pressure of that want and misery which she understood but too well. One evening she and the nurse had strayed in a new direction, and did not exactly know where they were. Very far from the house she was aware it could not be, by the time she had been absent, but they had got into one of those deep, hollow lanes, from which it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the surrounding country; those lanes so still, and so beautiful—with their broken sandy banks, covered with tufts of feathering grass, with peeping primroses and violets, and barren strawberries between; the beech and ash of the copses casting their slender branches across, and chequering the way with innumerable broken lights! Whilst may be, as was here the case, a long pebbly stream runs sparkling and shining upon one side of the way, forming ten thousand little pools and waterfalls as it courses along.

Charmed with the scene, Lettice could not prevail upon herself to turn back till she had pursued her way a little further. At last a turn in the lane brought her to a lowly and lonely cottage, which

stood in a place where the bank had a little receded, and the ground formed a small grassy semicircle, with the steep banks rising all around it—here stood the cottage.

It was an ancient, picturesque looking thing—built one knows not when. I have seen one such, near Siony Cross in Hampshire, which the tradition of the country affirms to be the very identical cottage into which the dying William Rufus was carried, and I am half inclined to believe it.

Their deep, heavy roofs, huge roof-trees, little, low walls and small windows, speak of habits of life very remote from our own—and look to me as if like a heap of earth—a tumulus—such edifices might stand unchanged for tens of ages.

The cottage before us was of this description, and had probably been a woodman's hut when the surrounding country was all one huge forest. The walls were not more than five feet high, over which hung the deep and heavy roof, covered with moss, and the thatch was overlaid with a heap of black mould, which afforded plentiful nourishment to stonecrops, and various tufts of beautifully feathered grass, which waved in fantastic plumes over it. The door, the frame of which was all aslant, seemed almost buried in and pressed down by this roof, placed in which were two of those old windows which show that the roof itself formed the upper chamber of the dwelling. A white rose bush was banded up on one side of this door;—a rosemary tree upon the other;—a little border with marigolds, lemon thyme, and such like pot-herbs, ran round the house, which lay in a tiny plot of ground carefully cultivated as a garden. Here a very aged man, bent almost double as it would seem with the weight of years, was very languidly digging or attempting it.

The nurse was tired, so was the babe, so was Lettice. They agreed to ask the old man's leave to enter the cottage, and sit down a little, before attempting to return home.

"May we go in, good man, and rest ourselves a little while?" asked Lettice.

"Anan—"

"Will you give us leave to go in and rest ourselves a little? We are both tired with carrying the baby."

"I don't know well what it is you're saying. How many miles to Brainford? May be two; but it's a weary while sin' I've been there."

"He can't understand us, nurse, at all. He seems almost stone deaf. Let us knock at the door, and see who's within—for you look ready to drop; and I am so excessively tired I can hardly help you. However, give me your sleeping babe, at all events—for you really seem as if you could stand no longer."

She took the child, which had long been fast asleep, went to the cottage door, and knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

Not such a voice as she expected to hear, but a sweet, well-modulated voice, that of a person of education. A man's voice, however, it was. She hesitated a little, upon which some one rose and opened the door, but started back upon seeing a young lady with a child in her arms, looking excessively tired, and as if she could hold up no longer.

"Pray come in," he said, observing she hesitated, and, retreating back a little as he spoke, showed a small bed not far from the fire, standing in the chimney place, as it is called. In this bed lay a very aged woman. A large, but very, very

ancient Bible lay open upon the bed, and a chair a little pushed back was standing near it. It would seem that the young gentleman had risen from the chair where he to all appearance had been reading the Bible to the bed-ridden old woman. "Pray, come in, and sit down," he repeated, holding the door to let Lettice enter. "You look exceedingly tired. The place is very humble, but perfectly clean, and poor old Betty Rigby will be very happy to give you leave to enter."

The young man who spoke was dressed in deep black; but as there was a crape band round his hat, which lay upon the table, it would seem that he was in mourning, and possibly, therefore, not a clergyman. He was something above the middle height; but his figure was spoiled by its extreme thinness, and a stoop in the shoulder, which seemed to be the effect of weakness. His face was very thin, and his cheek perfectly pale; but his features were beautifully proportioned, and his large gray eyes beamed with a subdued and melancholy splendor. There was the fire of fever, and there was that of genius.

The expression of his face was soft and sweet in the extreme, but it was rendered almost painful by its cast of deep sadness. Lettice looked at him, and was struck by his appearance in a way she had never in her life been before. He was, I believe, as much struck with hers. These unexpected meetings, in totally unexpected places, often produce such sudden and deep impressions. The happier being was moved and interested by the delicacy, the attenuation, the profound sadness of the beautiful countenance before her; the other with the bloom of health, the cheerful, wholesome expression, the character and meaning of the face presented to him, as the young girl stood there holding the sleeping infant in her arms. Certainly, though not regularly pretty, she was a very picturesque and pleasing looking object at that moment.

The old woman from her bed added her invitation to that of the young man.

"Please to walk in, miss. It's a poor place. Please take a chair. Oh, my poor limbs! I've been bed-ridden these half-score years; but pray, sit down and rest yourselves, and welcome. Law! but that's a pretty bairn, ben't it?"

Lettice took the offered chair and sat down, still holding the baby; the nurse occupied the other; the young man continued standing.

"I am afraid we have interrupted you," said Lettice, glancing at the book.

"Oh, pray don't think of it! I am in no hurry to be gone. My time," with a suppressed sigh, "is all my own. I will finish my lecture by and by."

"Ay, do—do—that's a good gentleman. Do you know, ma'am, he's been the kindest friend, young as he looks, that ever I or my good man met with. You see we lie here out of the way like—it's a big, monstrous parish this, and our parson has a world of work to do. So we gets rather overlooked, though, poor man, I believe, he does what he can. I've lived here these ten years, crippled and bed-ridden as you see, but I got along pretty well for some time, for I was a bit of a schollard in my youth; but last winter my eyes took to being bad, and since then I've not been able to read a line. All gets dizzy like. And I was very dull and sore beset that I could n't even see to read the word of God, and my poor husband, that's the old man as is delving in the garden there, why, he has hardly any eyes left in his head. Enough

just to potter about like, an' see his way, but he could n't read a line, and it was never so; and so that blessed young gentleman—law! where is he? Why, I declare he's gone!"

The young gentleman had, indeed, quietly glided out of the cottage as soon as his *éloge* began.

"That young gentleman—I can say what I like now he is gone—has been so good to us. Many's the half-crown he's given me, and a warm winter coat of his own to my poor rheumatized old man. Oh! he's a blessed one—and then he comes and sits and reads to me of an afternoon for an hour together, because as how one day he called he found me a crying; for why, I could no longer read the Holy Word—and he says, 'Cheer up, Betty, be of good comfort, I'll read it to you daily'—and when I said 'Daily, sir—that'll take up too much of your time, I fear'—he sighed a little, and said he'd nothing particular to do with his time."

"Who is he? Does he belong to this neighborhood?"

"No, miss, he's only been here may be a half-year or so. He came down on a visit to Mr. Hickman, the doctor out there, Brainwood way, and presently he went and lodged at a cottage hard by, to be near Hickman, who's a great name for such complaints as his'n—A-A—I don't know what's the name—but he's very bad, they say, and not able to do anything in the world. Well, he's the best, kindest, Christian young man, you ever see, or I ever see. The power of good he does among the poor—poor young fellow—is not to be told or counted—but he's so melancholy like, and so gentle, and so kind, it makes one a'most cry to look at him; that's the worst of it."

"He looks like a clergyman; I could fancy he was in holy orders. Do you know whether he is so or not?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have heard say that he is a parson, but nobody in these parts has ever seen him in a pulpit; but now it strikes me I've heard that he was to be curate to Mr. Thomas, of Briarwood parish, but he was ta'en bad of his chest or his throat, and never able to speak up like, so it would not do; he cannot at present speak in a church, for his voice sounds so low, so low."

"I wonder we have never met with him, or heard of him before."

"Oh, miss! he's not been in this country very long, and he goes out nowhere but to visit the poor; and, tired and weak as he looks, he seems never tired of doing good."

"He looks very pale and thin."

"Ay, does n't he? I'm afraid he's but badly; I've heard some say he was in a galloping consumption, others a decline; I don't know, but he seems mighty weak like."

A little more talk went on in the same way, and then Lettice asked the nurse whether she felt rested, as it was time to be returning home; and, giving the poor bed-ridden patient a little money, which was received with abundance of thanks, Lettice left the house.

When she entered the little garden, she saw the young man was not gone; he was leaning pensively against the gate, watching the swinging branches of a magnificent ash tree, which grew upon a green plot by the side of the lane. Beautiful it was, as it spread its mighty, magnificent head against the deep blue summer sky, and a soft wind gently whispered among its forest of leaves.

Lettice could not help, as she observed the countenance of the young man, who seemed lost in

thought, admiring the extraordinary beauty of its expression. Something of the sublime, something of the angelic, which we see in a few remarkable countenances, but usually in those which are spiritualized by mental sufferings, and great physical delicacy.

He started from his reverie as she and the nurse approached, and lifted the latchet of the little wicket to let them pass. And, as he did so, the large, melancholy eye was lighted up with something of a pleasurable expression, as he looked at Lettice, and said,

"A beautiful afternoon. May I venture to ask were you intending to visit that poor bed-ridden creature? I thought by the expression she used that you were not acquainted with her case, and probably had never been in the cottage before. Will you excuse me for saying she is in great necessity?"

"It is the first time I have ever been down this lane, sir, but I assure you it shall not be the last; I will come and see the poor woman again. There are few things I pity so much as the being bed-ridden."

She had walked into the lane. He had quitted the garden too, and continued to walk by her side, talking as he went.

"I hope there is not so much suffering in that state as we are apt to imagine," he said; "at least, I have observed that very poor people are enabled to bear it with wonderful cheerfulness and patience. I believe, to those who have lived a life of hard labor, rest has something acceptable in it, which compensates for many privations—but these old creatures are also miserably poor. The parish cannot allow much, and they are so anxious not to be forced into the house, that they contrive to make a very little do. The poor woman has been for years receiving relief as member of a sick-club; but lately the managers have come to a resolution that she has been upon the list for such an unexampled length of time, that they cannot afford to go on with the allowance any longer."

"How cruel and unjust!"

"Very sad, as it affects her comforts, poor creature, and certainly not just; yet, as she paid only about three years, and has been receiving an allowance for fifteen, it would be difficult, I fancy, to make the sort of people who manage such clubs see it quite in that light. At all events, we can get her no redress, for she does not belong to this parish, though her husband does; and the club of which she is a member is in a place at some distance, of which the living is sequestered, and there is no one of authority there to whom we can apply. I only take the liberty of entering into these details, madam, in order to convince you that any charity you may extend in this quarter, will be particularly well applied."

"I shall be very happy, if I can be of any use," said Lettice, "but I am sorry to say, but little of my time is at my own disposal—it belongs to another—I cannot call it my own—and my purse is not very ample. But I have more money than time," she added, cheerfully, "at all events. And, if you will be pleased to point out in what way I can best help this poor creature, I shall be very much obliged to you, for I am quite longing for the pleasure of doing a little among the poor. I have been very poor myself; and, besides, I used to visit them so much in my poor father's day."

"I have more time than money," he said, with a gentle but very melancholy smile; "and, there-

fore, if you will give me leave, I *would* take the liberty of pointing out to you how you could help this poor woman. If—if I knew * * *

"I live with General and Mrs. Melwyn—I am Mrs. Melwyn's *dame de compagnie*," said Lettice, with simplicity.

"And I am what ought to be Mr. Thomas' curate," answered he, "but that I am too inefficient to merit the name. General Melwyn's family never attends the parish church, I think."

"No; we go to the chapel of ease at Furnival's Green. It is five miles by the road to the parish church, and that road a very bad one. The general does not like his carriage to go there."

"So I have understood; and, therefore, Mr. Thomas is nearly a stranger, and I perfectly one, to the family, though they are Mr. Thomas' parishioners."

"It seems so strange to me—a clergyman's daughter, belonging formerly to a small parish—that every individual in it should not be known to the vicar. It ought not to be so, I think."

"I entirely agree with you. But I believe Mr. Thomas and the general never exactly understood or suited each other."

"I don't know—I never heard."

"I am myself not utterly unknown to every member of the family. I was at school with the young gentleman who married Miss Melwyn * * * Yet why do I recall it! He has probably forgotten me altogether * * * And yet, perhaps, not altogether. Possibly he might remember James St. Leger," and he sighed.

It was a light, suppressed sigh. It seemed to escape him without his observing it.

Lettice felt unusually interested in this conversation, little as there may appear in it to interest any one; but there was something in the look and tone of the young man that exercised a great power over her imagination. His being of the *cloth*—a clergyman—may account for what may seem rather strange in her entering into conversation with him. She had been brought up to feel profound respect for every one in holy orders; and, moreover, the habits of her life at one time, when she had sunk to such depths of poverty, had, in a considerable degree, robbed her of the conventional reserve of general society. She had been so used at one time to be accosted and to accost without thinking of the ceremony of an introduction, that she probably forgot the absence of it in the present case, more than another equally discreet girl might have done.

The young man, on his part, seemed under the influence of a strange charm. He continued to walk by her side, but he had ceased to speak. He seemed lost in thought—melancholy thought. It certainly would seem as if the allusion to Edgar's home, and his own school life, had roused a host of painful recollections, in which he was for the time absorbed.

So they followed the windings of the deep hollow lane together. Necessarily it would seem, for this lane appeared to defy the proverb and have no turning. But that it had one we know—and to it the little party came at last. A gate led to some fields belonging to the estate of the Hazels—Lettice and the nurse prepared to open it and enter.

"Good morning, sir," said Lettice, "this is my way; I will strive to do something for the poor woman you recommended to me, and I will mention your recommendation to Mrs. Melwyn."

He started as if suddenly awakened when she spoke; but he only said, "Will you? It will be

right and kind. Thank you, in her name." And, with a grave, abstracted sort of salute, he left her, and pursued his way.

Catherine was standing rather anxiously upon the hall-steps, looking round and wondering what had become of her nurse and her baby, when nurse, baby, and Lettice returned.

"Dear people," she cried, "I am glad you are come back."

She had been, if the truth were told, a good deal fidgetted and frightened, as young mothers are very apt to be, when the baby does not come home at the usual hour. She had suffered a good deal of uneasiness, and felt half inclined to be angry. A great many people with whom I am acquainted, would have burst out into a somewhat petulant scold, when the cause for anxiety was at an end, and baby and her party all safe, appeared quietly walking up the road as if nothing in the world were amiss. The very quiet and tranquillity which proved that they were quite unconscious of having done anything wrong would have irritated some people more than all the rest. I thought it was very nice of Catherine to be good-humored and content as soon as she saw all was safe—after the irritating anxiety she had just been going through. She, however, ran eagerly down the steps—and, her eyes sparkling with impatience, caught her little one in her arms and kissed it very fast and hard. That being the only sign of an impatient spirit which she showed—and, except crying out, "Oh! I am glad to see you safe back, all of you. Do you know, Lettice, I began to wonder what had become of you!"—not a syllable approaching to reproof passed her lips.

"Dear Mrs. D'Arcy! Dear Catherine! I am afraid we are late. We went too far—we partly lost ourselves. We got into a long, but oh! such a lovely lane—where I never was before—and then, we have had a little wee bit of an adventure."

"Adventure! Oh goodness! I am glad of that. Adventures are so excessively rare in this country. I never met with one in my life, but happening upon Edgar, as the people say, when he was coming from hunting; and the wind had blown off my hat. A wind that blew somebody good, that * * * dear—beloved—Lettice, I wish to goodness, that I do—an adventure of the like of that, might have happened to you."

Lettice colored a little.

"Gracious!" cried Catherine, laughing merrily, and peeping at her under her bonnet—"I declare—you're blushing, Lettice. Your adventure is something akin to my adventure. Have you stumbled upon an unparalleled youth—by mere accident, as I did!—and did he—did he pick up your hat?"

"If he had," said Lettice, "I am afraid my face, with my hair all blown about it, would not have looked quite so enchanting as yours must have done. No, I did not lose my bonnet."

"Anything else? Your heart, perhaps?"

"Dear Catherine! How can you be so silly?"

"Oh! it was such a blessed day when I lost mine," said Mrs. D'Arcy, gayly. "Such a gain of a loss! that I wish just the same misfortune to befall every one I love—and I love you dearly, Lettice."

"There must be more than one heart lost, I fancy, to make adventures turn out as well as yours did, Catherine."

"Oh! that's a matter of course in such sort of things. There is always an exchange, where

there is love at first sight. But now do tell me, that's a dear girl, what your adventure was."

"I only saw a clergyman reading to a poor woman—or rather, I only saw a clergyman, a Bible, and a poor woman, and thence concluded that he had been reading to her."

"Oh! you tiresome creature. Poor, dear old Mr. Hughes, I'll be bound. Good old fellow—but such a hum-drum. Nay, Lettice, my dear, don't look shocked and cross. A clergyman may be a very stupid, hum-drum, tiresome fellow, as well as any other man. Don't pretend to deny that."

"I would as lief not hear them called so—but this was not Mr. Hughes."

"Oh, no! I remember now you were not in his parish. If you went down Briarwood lane far enough you would be in Briarwood parish. Mr. Thomas, perhaps."

"No."

"Mr. Thomas' curate. Oh! of course the curate. Only I don't think Mr. Thomas keeps one."

"No; I believe not Mr. Thomas', or any one else's curate; but a gentleman, who says he knew Captain D'Arcy at school."

"Nay, that is too charming. That really is like an adventure."

"Here, Edgar!"

He was crossing the paddock at some little distance.

"Come here for one instant. Do you recollect what I was talking to you about this very morning? Well, Lettice has met with an adventure, and has stumbled upon an old acquaintance of yours—reading the Bible to an old woman—he was at school with you."

"Well, as there were about five hundred people, more or less, who had that honor—if you mean to know anything about him, Miss Arnold, you must go a little more into detail;—and, first and foremost, what is the young gentleman's name?"

"James St. Leger," said Lettice.

A start for answer, and—

"Ha! Indeed! Poor fellow!—he turned up again. I little thought our paths in life would ever cross more. How strange to unearth him in such a remote corner of the world as Briarwood! Poor fellow! Well, what is he like? and how does he look?"

"Ill and melancholy," said Lettice. "I should say very ill and very melancholy—and with reason, I believe; for though he is in holy orders, something is the matter with his throat or his chest; which renders him useless in the pulpit."

"You don't say so. His chest! I hope not. And yet," continued Edgar, as if musing aloud—"I know not. He was one when I knew him, Miss Arnold, so marked out through the vices of others for misery in this world, that I used to think the sooner he went out of it the better for him."

"Ah!" cried Catherine, "there is an interesting history here. Do tell it us, Edgar. Of all your charming talks, what I like almost the best are your reminiscences. He has such a memory, Lettice; and so much penetration into the characters of persons; and the connection of things; that nothing is so delightful as when he will tell some old history of his earlier years. Do, dear Edgar, tell us all about this charming young curate of Briarwood."

"Flatterer! Coaxing flatterer! Don't believe a word she says, Miss Arnold. I am as empty-pated a rattle-skull, as ever was turned raw into one of her majesty's regiments—and that's saying a good deal, I can tell you. But this dear creature here loves a bit of romance in her heart. What's o'clock?"

"Oh!" looking at the tiniest of watches, "a full two hours to dinner; and such a day too for a story—and just look at that spreading oak with the bench under it, and the deer lying crouching there so sweetly, and the wind just lulling the boughs as it were to rest. Here, nurse, bundle the baby away to her nursery. Now, *do*, there 's a darling Edgar."

"Why, my love, you are making awful preparation. It is almost as terrible as reading a manuscript to begin a relation, all sitting solemnly upon a bench under a tree together. There is not much to tell, poor fellow; only I did pity him from my heart of hearts."

Catherine had her way, and they sat down under the green, leafy canopy of this majestic oak; and she put her arm in her husband's, and her hand into that of Lettice, and thus sitting between them, loving and beloved, she listened, the happiest, as she was one of the honestest and best, of heaven's creatures.

"We were both together at a large, rough sort of preparatory school," began Edgar, "where there might be above a hundred boys or so. They were mostly, if not entirely, intended for the military profession, and came from parents of all sorts of positions and degrees, and of all sorts of principles, characters, and manners. A very omnium gatherum that school was, and the ways of it were as rough as in any school, I should think, they could possibly be. I was a tall, healthy rebel, when I was sent there, as strong as a little Hercules, and excessively proud of my force and prowess. A bold, daring, cheerful, merry lad, as ever left his mother's apron-string; very sorry to quit the dotingest of mothers, and the happiest of homes, and the pleasantest of fathers; but mighty proud to come out of the *Gynseum*, and to be a man, as I thought it high time I should, in cloth trousers and jacket, instead of a black velvet coat. In I plunged, plump head-foremost amid the vortex, and was soon in a thousand scrapes and quarrels, battling my way with my fists, and my merry eye; for they used to tell me the merry eye did more for me even than my impudence in fighting everything that would condescend to fight such a youngster. I was soon established, and then I breathed after my victories, and began to look round.

"So long as I had considered the throng about me but in the light of so many adversaries to be beaten by main force, and their rude and insulting ways only as provocatives to the fray, I had cared little for their manners or their proceedings, their coarseness and vulgarity, their brutality and their vices. But now, seated in peace upon the eminence to which I had fought my way, I had time to breathe and to observe. I cannot describe to you how shocked, how sickened, how disgusted I became. *Par parenthèse*, I will say that it has always been an astonishment to me, how parents so tender as mine could send a frank, honest-hearted, well-meaning little fellow into such a place. But the school had a high reputation. I was then a fourth son, and had to make my way as best I could in the profession chosen for me. So here I came. I was about ten or eleven years old, I must

add, in excuse for my parents, though I called myself so young, I felt younger, because this was my first school. To resume. When I had vanquished them, it is not in words to describe how I despised and detested the majority of my school-fellows—for their vulgar pleasures, their offensive habits—their hard, rough, brutal manners—their vicious principles, and their vile, blasphemous impiety. I was a warm lover and a still more ardent hater, and my hatred to most of them exceeded all bounds of reason; but it was just such as a straight-forward, warm-tempered fellow is certain to entertain without mitigation in such a case.

"It is a bad element for a boy to be living in. However, I was saved from becoming an utter young monster, by the presence in the school of this very boy, James St. Leger.

"In the bustle and hurry of my early wars, I had taken little heed of, scarcely observed, this boy at all. But when the pause came, I noticed him. I noticed him for many reasons. He was tall for his age, slender, and of extremely delicate make, but with limbs of a symmetry and beauty that reminded one of a fine antique statue. His face, too, was extremely beautiful; and there was something in his large, thoughtful, melancholy eyes, that it was impossible ever to look upon and to forget.

"I no sooner observed him at all, than my whole boyish soul seemed knit to him.

"His manner was extremely serious; the expression of his countenance sad to a degree—deeply, intensely sad, I might say; yet through that deep sadness there was a tender sweetness which was to me most interesting. I never shall forget his smile—for laugh he never was heard to do.

"I soon discovered two things, that made me feel more for him than all the rest. One, that he was an extremely well-informed boy, and had received a home education of a very superior order; and the other, that he was most unfortunate, and that his misfortunes had one peculiar ingredient of bitterness in them, namely, that they were of a nature to excite the scorn and contempt of the vulgar herd that surrounded him, rather than to move their rude hearts to sympathy and pity.

"The propensity to good in rough, vulgar, thoughtless human beings, is very apt to show itself in this way—in a sort of contemptuous disgust against vice and folly, and an alienation from those connected with it, however innocent. We must accept it, upon reflection, I suppose, as a rude form of good inclination; but I was too young for reflection—too young to make allowances, too young to be equitable. Such conduct appeared to me the most glaring and barbarous injustice, and excited in me a passionate indignation.

"Never did I hear St. Ledger taunted, as he often was, with the frailties of his mother or the errors of his father, but my heart was all in a flame—my fist clenched—my cheek burning. Many a fellow have I laid prostrate upon the earth with a sudden blow, who dared, in my presence, to chase the color from St. Ledger's cheek by alluding to the subject. There was this remarkable in St. Leger, by the way, that he never colored when his mother's shame or his father's end was alluded to, but went deadly pale.

"The history was a melancholy one of human frailty, and is soon told. His mother had been extremely beautiful, his father the possessor of a small independent fortune. They had lived happily together many years, and she had brought him five children; four girls and this boy. I have heard

that the father doted with no common passion—in a husband, Catherine—upon the beautiful creature, who was moreover accomplished and clever. She seemed devoted to her children, and had given no common attention to her boy in his early years. Hence his mental accomplishments. The husband was, I suspect, rather her inferior in intellect; and scarcely her equal in refinement and manner, but it's no matter, it would have been probably the same whatever he had been. She who will run astray under one set of circumstances, would probably have run astray under any. She was very vain of her beauty and talents, and had been spoiled by the idolatry and flattery of all who surrounded her.

"I will not pain you by entering into any particulars; in brief, she disgraced herself, and was ruined.—"

"The rage, the passionate despair, the blind fury of the injured husband, it was said, exceeded all bounds. There was of course every sort of public scandal. Legal proceedings and the necessary consequences—a divorce. The wretched history did not even end here. She suffered horribly from shame and despair, I have been told, but the shame and despair had not the effect it ought to have produced. She fell from bad to worse, and was utterly lost. The husband did the same. Wild with the stings of wounded affection, blinded with suffering, he flew for refuge to any excitement which would for a moment assuage his agonies; the gaming-table, and excess in drinking, soon finished the dismal story. He shot himself in a paroxysm of delirium tremens, after having lost almost every penny he possessed at Faro.

"You tremble, Catherine. Your hand in mine is cold. Oh the pernicious woman! Oh the depths of the misery, if I were indeed to tell you all I have met with and known, which are entailed upon the race by the vanity, the folly, and the vice of woman. Angels! yes, angels you are—sweet saint—sweet Catherine, and men fall down and worship you—but woe for them when she they worship proves a fiend."

"Dear Miss Arnold, you are shedding tears—but you *would* have this dismal story. You had better bear no more of it, let me stop now."

"Go on—pray, go on, Edgar. Tell us about the poor boy and the girls; you said there were four of them."

"The boy and his sisters were taken by some relations. It was about a year after these events that I met him at this school."

"They had sent him here, thinking the army the best place for him. To get him shot off, poor fellow, perhaps if they could. His four sisters were all then living, and how tenderly, poor lad, he used to talk to me about them. How he would grieve over the treatment they were receiving, with the best intentions he acknowledged, but too hardening and severe he thought for girls so delicate. They wanted a mother's fostering, a father's protection, poor things, but he never alluded in the remotest way to either father or mother. Adam, when he sprung from the earth, was not more parentless than he seemed to consider himself. But he used to talk of a future for his sisters, and sometimes, in his more cheerful moods, would picture to himself what he would do when he should be a man, and able to shelter them in a home, however humble, of his own. His whole soul was wrapped up in these girls."

"Did you ever hear what became of them?"

"Three died of consumption, I have been told, just as they were opening into the bloom of early womanhood, almost the loveliest creatures that ever were seen."

"And the fourth?"

"She was the most beautiful of all—a fine, high-spirited, dashing creature. Her brother's secret terror and darling."

"Well!"

"She followed her mother's example, and died miserably at the age of two-and twenty."

"What can we do for this man?" cried Catherine, when she had recovered voice a little. "Edgar, what can we do for this man?"

"Your first question, dear girl—always your first question—what can be done? Ever, my love, may you preserve that precious habit. My Catherine never sits down lamenting, and wringing her hands helplessly about other people's sorrows. The first thing she asks, is, *what can be done?*"

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

My Christian name—my Christian name,
I never hear it now;
None have the right to utter it;
'T is lost—I know not how:
My worldly name the world speaks loud—
Thank God for well-earned fame!—
But silence sits at my cold hearth—
I have no household name.

My Christian name—my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound:
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother! whose accents made most sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven
My poor, lost Christian name?

Brothers and sisters, mockers oft
Of the quaint name I bore,
Would I could burst Death's gates to hear
Some call it out once more!

One speaks it still—in written lines—

The last fraternal claim:
But the wide seas between us drown
Its sound—my Christian name!

I had a dream for years. One voice
Might breathe this homely word
As love breathes: I had swooned with joy
Had I my name thus heard.
Oh, dumb, dumb lips! Oh crushed, crushed
heart!

Oh grief, past pride, past shame!
To die—to die, and never hear
Thee speak my Christian name!

God send thee bliss!—God send me rest!
If thou with footsteps calm
Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make
To thee each blood-drop—balm.
Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth
Thine elder, holier claim;
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be my Christian name!

Chambers' Journal.

From Godey Lady's Book.

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN ;

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.—BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

MY DEAR GODEY: I love children. I used to think, when I was a bachelor, (it is a good many years ago now,) that there was something *rather* presuming in the manner in which doting fathers and mothers would bring their "wee things" around them, and, for the especial edification of us single fellows, cause them to "mis-speak half-uttered words," and to go through with divers little lessons in manners and elocution. But both parents and children were made so apparently happy by it, that I never could think, as certain of my irreverent companions were wont to think, and to say, that it was "a bore." No, I never thought or said that; but I *did* think, I remember, as I have said, that there was a little bad taste, and not a little presumption, in such a course.

I don't think so now.

When a father—and how much *more* a mother—sees for the first time the gleam of affection illuminating, with what the Germans call an "interior light," the eyes and features of his infant child; when that innocent soul, fresh from heaven, looks for the first time into yours, and you feel that yours is an *answering* look to that new-born intelligence—then, I say, you will experience a sensation which is not "of the earth earthly," but belongs to the "correspondences" of a higher and holier sphere.

I wish to gossip a little with you concerning children. You are a full-grown man now, friend Godey, *quite* full-grown; yet you were once a boy; and I am well assured that you will feel interested in a few incidents which I am going to relate in illustration of my theme—incidents which I hope you will judge to be not unfruitful of monitory lessons, to "children of larger growth" than mere girls and boys.

Don't you think that we parents sometimes, in moments of annoyance, through pressure of business or other circumstances, forbid that which was but innocent and reasonable, and perfectly natural to be asked for? And do not the best of parents frequently multiply prohibitions until obedience to them becomes impossible?

Excuse me; but all your readers have been children; many of them are happy mothers; many more that are not *will* be in God's good time; and I cannot but believe that many who shall peruse these sentences will find something in them which they will remember hereafter.

"The sorrows and tears of youth," says Washington Irving, "are as bitter as those of age;" and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility, how acute the *passing* mental agony!

My twin-brother Willis—may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave!—and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper-kite, swaying to and fro, rising

and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sunlight in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and, keeping our eyes continually upon it, "gazing steadfastly toward heaven," we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding along upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful artificial "bird of the air" at the upper end.

I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to *think* of it as a boy.

Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us—for we thought we had obtained the "principle" of the kite—we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days; and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage, than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

At last it pleased the "gentle and voluble spirit of the air" to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our machine, that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature kite in the blue ether above us. *Such* a triumph! Fulton, when he essayed his first experiments, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved! We kept it up until "twixt the gloaming and the mirk," when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn—hesitating long *where* to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it endwise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

I am coming now to a specimen of the "sorrows and tears of youth," of which Geoffrey Crayon speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night; and, far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn, approaching the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away; and, on looking down into the receptacle, saw our cherished, our *beloved* kite broken into twenty pieces!

It was our man Thomas who did it, climbing up on the hay-mow.

We both of us "hated with a perfect hatred," for five years afterward, the cruel neighbor who *laughed* at us for our deep six months' sorrow at that great loss—a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune at the period of manhood sinks into insignificance. *Other* kites, indeed, we constructed; but *that* was the kite "you read of" at "this present."

Think, therefore, O ye parents! *always* think of the acuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest "devilment," cut off the foot of a little doll with which his infantine sister was amusing herself. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic despatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie—which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell—hit him with a slight switch over his temple and killed him instantly—a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother—when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed—though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it"—still, I *do* say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on my return, that my long porcupine quill handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face, and said—

"No, I *did n't* take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for confession—the reward, be it understood, (a dear one to him,) of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had welled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a portfolio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you—and perhaps it is—yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B.—, which an-

nounced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from his birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was *but* a boy, and "boys *will* be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "*boy-man*!" But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor and vexed at some little disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and he is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and, in a harsh voice, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you——"

"Not a word, sir; *go to bed!*"

"I only wanted to say, father, that——"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand towards the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared; and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached

for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful revery, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmoving glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward, the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf

was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and, all the way going home, he kept saying—

"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and *this* was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

"Everything that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil-sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.') And every morning and evening, I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I *cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh, how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."

I will add no word to reflections so true; no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE STORY OF "THE REQUIEM."

In the year 1816, an Englishman of the name of Vaughan was residing in the city of Prague, where he had been induced to settle for several years, from the liking that he felt for the ancient Bohemian capital, and the advantages that it offered to a gentleman in straitened circumstances.

Vaughan was a man of studious and retired habits, not fond of general society, but not unwilling to seek the friendship of those in whom he expected to find talent, originality, learning, or knowledge of the world. Having no domestic circle of any kind to attract him to his lodgings at meal times, he was in the habit of dining at a coffee-house bearing the title of Der Adler, and kept by a man by the name of Hunten.

This man was a large, lumpy, but intelligent German; his father had kept the house before him, and his great pride was to speak of the day when he himself, then a boy of eight years old, had heard with his own ears the voice of the great Mozart hum some of the magic music of the *Zauberflöte*, one of the operas that the great composer gave to the world during the last few months of his life.

On this subject Hunten was inexhaustible. He had several pictures of Mozart in his coffee-room; he had a pocket handkerchief of the great Wolfgang, bequeathed to him by his father, as a sacred and precious relic; and he also possessed a toothpick, of the same great interest to the artist world—an article, however, never shown to the profane, and only mentioned and exhibited to such as felt the importance of the valuable object, and who never divulged what their eyes had seen, and their hands had touched, to any person likely to laugh at it or them.

Hunten's enthusiasm made him well known to the tourists and inhabitants who visited or resided in Prague; and Vaughan often amused himself with setting Hunten astride on his hobby, and letting him ride thereon for an indefinite space of time.

One wet evening in the month of November, Vaughan had gone to the coffee-house to dine, and had staid there longer than usual, talking with some of the strangers who had come in, and who were discussing the affairs of the recent war, as the news that the city itself afforded was meagre and threadbare by six o'clock in the afternoon.

Hunten was standing near listening and joining in the conversation, and trusting that some happy turn in the discourse might give him the wished-for opportunity of introducing his recollections of Mozart, when this desire was unexpectedly granted by a young German traveller observing that he believed Bonaparte, by that time a captive on the rock, to be the evil one incarnate, and as such not likely to remain long in confinement.

"Bah!" said a Frenchman, who believed in nothing but what he smelled, saw, tasted, or touched.

"Comment?" cried the German.

"Bah! vous me dites. Bah! Monsieur."

"Bêtise! si vous le préférez." The German rose, but Hunten interposed.

"Messieurs, ici on mange, on boit, on cause, mais on ne se bêt pas."

"Vous avez raison," said the good-humored little Gaul.

"Ah, gentlemen, I could tell you that it is not impossible that the evil one may be incarnate. I

have heard of such things. Remember the story of the 'Requiem,'" said Hunten.

"Ah! tell us about that," said Duclos.

"Volontiers!" said Hunten, with heartfelt cheerfulness. "You all know, gentlemen, that the evil one appeared to Mozart, and told him three times to write a Requiem!"

"Vraiment?" said Duclos.

"It is an undoubted fact," said Hunten. "Once he came, this stranger in black, before Mozart left Vienna for Prague in 1791. He came, gentlemen, to write an opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. The Bohemian nobility chose the subject, and it was the 'Clemency of Titus.' Titus was a Roman emperor, gentlemen, son of Nero, of whom you may have heard. The story is affecting, and was penned by Marroli the court poet. Here in Prague it was performed; and I had the honor of attending at a party at Monsieur Duflek's, where some admirable music was to be heard, even outside the door; which, gentlemen, was my post that night, for it was in the character of additional attendant at the supper-table that I appeared at Monsieur Duflek's. Once while he was at Prague the great Mozart saw the stranger in black."

"No! he did not," said a voice near.

"How, sir?" said Hunten, turning sharply round.

Vaughan saw a man sitting a few yards from him at a small table, on which lay the fragments of a biscuit and half a glass of hermitage. The man's face was only partially lighted by the lamp that hung above his head, and the fire-light, that flashed fitfully and uncertainly on the circle who had gathered round the chimney corner.

"How, sir?" repeated Hunten.

"He did not," repeated the stranger; and after having repeated these words he tossed off his wine and walked out of the coffee-room.

"Who is that?" said Vaughan.

"That man's name is Hofer."

"What! the Tell of the Tyrol?" said Duclos, laughing.

"Not that I am aware of," said Hunten. "He is a cousin of the man who married Mozart's sister. Hofer sang in the opera at Vienna; but this young man was brought up in Spain, and never so much as saw Mozart, as far as I know."

"Then how could he speak so positively?" asked Vaughan.

"I do not know. But to return to Mozart," said Hunten; "we saw him at Prague in September. He left us at the end of the month, and returned to fresh glories in Vienna. He had not been long returned when again the mysterious stranger appeared, and requested a private audience with the composer. No one knows what passed—no one will ever know in this world, gentlemen; but from that hour Mozart drooped and pined, and he wrote the sublime music of the 'Requiem,' knowing that it would be his farewell to his art. On the 5th of December his friends, Shack, Hofer, and Gori, assembled in his room, and round his dying bed arose the strains that will confer on him a glorious immortality! There the angels might have listened to harmonies pure and sublime as the heavenly hallelujahs. The stranger's mission had been fulfilled—Mozart's 'Requiem' was his last work."

"Bêtise!" said the Frenchman.

"Ist es Möglich?" said the German.

Vaughan asked where Hofer lived. Hunten replied that he believed he had changed his abode

lately, and mentioned the name of his last one. He added, that he believed Hofer supported himself by copying music and manuscripts for the librarians and the artists in the town.

Vaughan felt a great desire to become acquainted with this man, and endeavored to procure his address from a shop to which Hunten directed him. The bookseller to whom he applied gave him the address that he wished for, and Vaughan hastened to the street therein designated; but on arriving there he was much disappointed to find that Hofer had gone to the country on business, having been engaged by a certain Count Platen to make a list of his library, and to copy out some family manuscripts that he did not choose to remove from the castle where they always lay.

It was said that Hofer was to return in three weeks, probably; but a month had elapsed before Vaughan saw or heard anything of him. About the new year time there was to be a concert at Prague, for which some of the best Viennese performers had been engaged. The entertainment was to consist entirely of Mozart's music, sacred and profane.

The first part was to commence with the overture to *Don Giovanni*. This was to be followed by the quintet "*Sento o Dio!*" from the *Così fan tutti*; and the rest of the part was to be filled by pieces chosen from his most admired works. The second portion was to begin with the "*Lacrymosa*," and other parts of the *Requiem*. It was to be followed by the "*Kyrie Eleison*," and "*Gloria in excelsis*" of the twelfth mass. Other fragments of sacred music were to succeed, and the whole was to conclude with the "*Bless the Lord*" from a manuscript mass.

Vaughan went to this concert, and being one of those who detest attending such an entertainment with a party of friends, he went early and alone, and, establishing himself in one of the best places, waited patiently until the performance should begin.

The first bar of the sublime "*Sento o Dio!*" was swelling on the ear of Vaughan, when he heard at his right-hand the words whispered—

"*Ach! Himmel ich!*"

The person who uttered them had intended, he supposed, to state that she was going to faint, for this she did before another second had elapsed. She fell heavily forward, and Vaughan immediately raised her up, and naturally expected to find that the young girl would be claimed by some relation or chaperone; as she could not, he supposed, have come alone and unattended into so great a crowd. On looking round, however, he saw that no one appeared to take any particular interest in her, and he soon found that none had the least intention of occupying themselves with her; so far, at least, as to volunteer their services to take her from the room, through a crowd that she would find it impossible to pass without some strong arm to assist her progress. Vaughan had a natural loving-kindness of disposition that would have led him to help any human being, however humble or insignificant, in a time of distress, and he at once made up his mind to offer his assistance to the young girl, who recovered in a few minutes sufficiently to walk, with the support of his arm, to the entrance nearest to the places they had both occupied. The girl was about fifteen, and, from her dress and appearance, must belong, Vaughan thought, to the middling class. Her father might be a merchant, a prosperous tradesman, an artist, or a master of music or languages. She had taken Vaughan's

arm without any hesitation, as she was only anxious, apparently, to get out of the over-heated saloon as quickly as possible. When she reached the fresh, cool vestibule, she sighed as if relieved, and said, in a pretty-toned voice, "*Ich danke ihnen! ich danke ihnen!*" and, wrapping a hood over her head, she prepared to leave the hall. She stopped short, however, with a look of disappointment when she discovered that it was snowing. Vaughan asked her in German whether she had a servant or a carriage in attendance. "*Nein, nein!*" she replied, hurriedly. Vaughan represented to her that the snow was falling fast, and that she was not in a fit state to make her way alone through the wet streets. She appeared very much disturbed by this advice, and, after one or two attempts at speech, she burst out crying. Vaughan suspected that for some reason she had come to the concert without telling her friends, and, feeling some pity and concern for the pain incurred by a youthful frolic, he at once made up his mind to get a conveyance as quickly as he could and send the child home, paying the fare himself, for he had found out that one of the principal causes of her distress was not having a cent in her pocket. The vehicle was ready for her in two minutes, and, as Vaughan was to pay the expenses, it was necessary that she should divulge the street and number of her dwelling. She did so with considerable trepidation, and Vaughan, after paying the man, returned to the concert-room, determined to find out next day the name and circumstances of the young lady whom he had befriended that night. He went back to his place and came in for the *Prenderò quel brunnellino*. As the duet concluded an old lady, of a cheerful countenance, in an orange-colored satin, and wielding a large Spanish fan, leaned forward, and, tapping Vaughan on the elbow, said—

"Is she better?"

"Yes," said Vaughan, "and gone home. May I ask," he added, "if you know her name?"

"Gewiss; Teresa Hofer."

"Wie," cried Vaughan.

The old lady was an affable being, who delighted in giving information. She told Vaughan that Teresa Hofer was the daughter of a man employed by her son to copy music for the orchestra of his theatre; that she had seen the said Teresa when she herself had gone on messages to and from Hofer's house on her son's affairs. She then diverged into an account of her son's prospects in life, the dissipated habits of his second violin, and the gross neglect of rehearsals by the first clarinet; and she pointed to the two individuals, who were perched in conspicuous places on the platform before them. Vaughan asked a few questions about Hofer; but the old lady knew nothing about him beyond his merits as a diligent and correct copyist, and with this information Vaughan was obliged to content himself.

When the second part began Vaughan listened with awful and solemnizing pleasure to the tremendous music of the "*Requiem*." The well-known tale of the stranger's visits to Mozart returned to his mind. The prophetic gloom of a death-boding presentiment had lain heavy on the soul of the great composer when that music of unearthly power had flowed through his brain.

He left the room on its conclusion, not wishing to lay any other sensation above it; and he walked home in a clear, keen starlight. The snow-clouds had cleared off, and high rode the moon, with a sharp, bright face, turned full on the streets through

which he passed. His thoughts were still with the "Requiem" and its composer; and he endeavored to define to himself his own belief with respect to the supernatural warning attached to the origin of Mozart's great and final work.

It was not an illusion; the stranger had appeared in the body, that was certain. What means had he used to impress Mozart so deeply? or was it rather the morbid and diseased imagination of the musician that had distorted a plain and common incident into a supernatural warning and prophetic visitation? He could not decide this point to his own satisfaction, and he felt an increasing desire to become acquainted with the man Hofer, who, from his connection by marriage with Mozart, very probably would know some circumstances not generally revealed to strangers, and which had not, therefore, found their way into the mouths of the public.

Next day but one he went to Hofer's, under pretence of getting some music copied, and waited until Hofer was able to see him. Then being introduced into his parlor, he saw sitting at a writing-table the young girl Teresa, whom he had assisted the evening before in the concert-room. She looked up and smiled; and when Hofer entered, she spoke to him in German and announced Vaughan as her hero and deliverer. Hofer thanked him for his kindness and attention, and explained that he had been away from home, and that his daughter, having been left under the jurisdiction of an old female relation, had been refused the pleasure of attending the concert, the old relation herself being cross and stingy. That at the last hour Teresa had determined to go, on being offered a ticket, ten minutes before the concert began, by a friend who found himself unable to attend. Teresa had not been able to find a companion going to that part of the concert-room, in so short a notice at least, and she had set off hurriedly alone, knowing that she would not obtain leave to go if she asked it, but resolved on hearing the music at any price.

Hofer thanked Vaughan cordially for taking care of the little Teresa; and the Englishman then produced the music that he wished to have transposed into another key, for the use of a friend to whom he meant to send it.

Vaughan was very well disposed to stay and converse with the copyist after the business on which he had come had been discussed, for there was in the manner, and voice, and face of Hofer a power of attracting and fixing the attention, of which Vaughan could hardly define the cause, though he deeply felt the effect.

Vaughan, however, rightly assigned some part of the influence possessed by this stranger to the remarkable and picturesque appearance that age had not deprived of its romantic charms. The hair was gray, but it fell over a brow and shaded a head of heroic form; the eyes were deeply set, and the dark blue color from its depth gave them the intensity of black; the complexion was pale olive, and the *tout ensemble* flashed full on you, at different moments, like a breathing Velasquez—so Spanish was the coloring of the whole countenance, and so stately the figure of the poor copyist, whose claims to noble descent were but slender, to judge from appearances.

Vaughan found in Hofer an agreeable companion on further acquaintance. He experienced little difficulty in obtaining an intimate footing in his house, and as months passed on he spent more and more of his time in his society. He used to go to

Hofer's house in the evenings, and sit for an hour or two; and he endeavored on all occasions to find out what was the meaning of the abrupt exclamation to which Hofer had given vent at the coffee-house on the occasion of their first meeting. Hofer, however, always replied that he had said it in jest, to make people stare, and that he knew very little of Mozart, though he was a cousin of the man who had married the composer's sister. Vaughan saw at last that he could get no other explanation, and asked no more questions on a subject which he could see gave ill-concealed annoyance to the other party concerned.

Their friendship lasted, however, unbroken by absence or other causes, for the space of three years; and it was with sincere regret that Vaughan saw in Hofer, at the end of that time, some symptoms of the return of an illness with which he knew that he had once been afflicted, and which was, he feared, very likely to put a painful and sudden end to his days.

One evening, when Vaughan had been sitting beside the couch where the German lay for a considerable time, he fell into the musing mood that loves a long space of silent twilight, wherein to dream itself calmly out undisturbed by the external world. The sick man had fallen asleep. Vaughan had promised the young girl Teresa that he would watch at the side of her father while she went out to execute some household commissions, and as he sat waiting her return his thoughts returned to the object that had first excited his inquiries about the poor man who lay dying beside him. Vaughan's taste for music was so strong, that it accompanied every thought, every idea, that sprung up in his rapid and desultory mind. A thousand different melodies would pass over his brain in an hour or two, without his being conscious of effort; and every phase of feeling—grave, or gay, or pensive—found for him an expression in some one of the melodies from the vast magazine of his musical memory.

All his thoughts had turned towards Mozart on the evening in question. His love for the music of the great master amounted to a passion, and often had he sat, as he did at that moment, wrapped in the silken memory of his loveliest harmonies, and following, with reverent and inquiring sympathy, the sublime spirit to its everlasting future as anxiously as if they two had been firm friends parted, and longing for reunion after death. His admiration for the master had warmed into love for the individual being, and to penetrate into the cheerless mystery that shrouded the latter days of the departed genius had become an object of painful anxiety to Vaughan.

For years past he had accustomed himself to collect all the noblest passages in prose or poetry which had music and the mystery of musical temperament for their subject. This employment had pleased his wild fancy, and he had collected flowers enough to form the rarest garland—flowers of every hue, from the superb gravity of Hooker to the rollicking rhymes of less reverend writers on the pleasures of music—and that evening there sailed into his mind, swiftly one after the other, a strange and motley fleet from the enchanted land of song, convoyed by the stern memory of one of his first and favorite quotations:—

"In harmony the very image and character, even of virtue and vice, is perceived—the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things them-

selves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body."

And as these words passed through Vaughan's memory, the thought to which they gave rise melted into melody, and from his half-closed lips emerged faintly the angel air of the "Lacrymosa."

The inexpressible and tender mournfulness of the measure damped the eyelids of Vaughan with the mere memory of its beauty, and he continued to rehearse it in a low tone to himself; but his voice strengthened in spite of himself, and he clearly defined the graceful crest of the passage that crowns, as it were, the whole of the quartet with the glorious name of the Lord.

"*Pie Jesu Domine*," faintly replied the voice of the dying Hofer, in a tone that was not music, but its shadow.

Vaughan turned quickly round, and looked at the figure that lay beneath his eyes. The eyes were half-closed, the hands were clasped; but by the quivering of the lids the emotion of the invalid might be seen.

"I fear I have disturbed you," said Vaughan.

"No," said Hofer, after a moment's pause; "you have not. I was not sleeping. I was wondering whether it was worth while to tell you a strange passage in my history, one which I would wish heartily at this hour to efface."

"Connected with the composer?" said Vaughan, drawing near.

"Yes!" said Hofer, raising himself on his elbow, and looking intently in Vaughan's face. "This is the first evening that I have ever felt disposed to speak of this subject to you. It is a strange and rare thing the story of the 'Requiem.' You know the tale that has gone about the world of the supernatural circumstances attending the death of the great Mozart. It was fitting that he should have a death-bed decorated with other garniture than what belongs to those of most men, and he had it. His spirit ascended amid the incense that he himself had prepared and laid on the altar of God's praise. They stood around him, the faithful friends of festive days, and they crowned the dying genius with his own glory ere he departed. Do you not think that ascension was winged with a rapture as divine as that which filled the heart of the prophet in the fire-chariot of ancient Israel?"

"Yet he wept," said Vaughan.

"Yes," said Hofer, with wild and serious eyes fixed on the face of the Englishman. "Yes, he wept—true. Not with the awful joy of the dying believer. I will tell you of his death, Mr. Vaughan, for I have heard it from the lips of those that beheld it; and, more than that, I was the cause of it."

"How?" cried Vaughan, starting to his feet with sudden energy.

"Yes," repeated Hofer; "I was the cause of it. Do not shrink from me. Yet am I no murderer. My dying word I give you of this."

"Explain yourself," said Vaughan.

"I will. Sit down. Listen to me. The time may be short."

He paused and covered his face with his hands for several minutes, as if trying to bring the past

thoroughly before his mind once more. Then he raised his eyes again to those of Vaughan. They were large, deep-set, and the Englishman felt the powerful and picturesque form and face before him appeal loudly to his imagination as the sick man sat up suddenly with lighted eyes, and spoke in a voice full of deep melody and impressive intensity of tone:—

"It was in the year 1791, in the month of August, that I first saw Mozart. I had only then lately returned from Spain, where I had spent my youth. My family is, as you know, German. My uncle's son, Hofer, married a sister of the composer; and he was one of those who sang the 'Requiem' round the dying bed of Mozart. Hofer had not the smallest idea of the manner in which I was concerned with the latter days of the great Wolfgang; and, indeed, I think that I am bold and foolish in telling you of it now. However, I know that your curiosity is excited, and you shall hear it. You are aware that Salieri, the man whose long-trying hatred of Mozart made him the object of suspicion after the death of the master, thought fit to proclaim his innocence before several witnesses on his death-bed at Venice, not many years ago. He was justified in doing this: he had nothing to do with his death."

"When I arrived from Madrid there was a man of the name of Schickaneder, the well-known manager of one of the theatres in Vienna. He employed me as a copyist on one or two occasions, and I thus became acquainted with one of the greatest rascals in the ranks of German managers. He was always in debt, tumbling into it as fast as his friends helped him out. Yet was this rogue the favorite of all who knew him, even long after he was detected in tricks which might have sent him to gaol and a guillotine. He was so mightily agreeable, so frank and joyous a companion, so irresistibly droll and gay, that none could look grave in the festive sunshine of his presence."

"This man had been for some time an acquaintance of Mozart when I came to Vienna, and it was for him that the *Zauberflöte* was composed—a work given to him under promise that he was not to give it to the theatres of the city or country; a promise which he broke in the most disgraceful manner, though he knew that his want of honesty was severely felt by Mozart, who was in almost as great need of money as he was himself. I have often wondered by what law of nature it is that genius must be poor and improvident. The sensitive temperament seems to require the scourge of want to spur it on over the obstacles in its road; at least thus alone can I explain to myself the penury of the brilliantly gifted."

"Mozart was preyed upon by the neediest wretches in the city. Stadler and Artaria sucked his brains with as much ease of conscience as I would perform that office to an egg, and with the splendid prodigality of the heart of true genius, he forgave them their debts and mean offences. I must say, though, that when I first became acquainted with Schickaneder, and others of his class, I knew nothing of this, and supposed him at least to be as honest as most of the men we meet in the way of business."

"It was in May that Schickaneder was walking one day in the Prater with Mozart when I passed them. I looked with some curiosity on the latter, for I had never before had so good a view of him, however well I knew him from reputation. I saw the large, languid, and prominent eyes fixed on the face of the man to whom he was listening with in-

tense earnestness. Schickaneder at that moment was describing to him the plan of the opera that he desired to have, and in which he proposed to sing himself. He looked on it as the means of extricating himself from difficulties and distress, and to this work Mozart was willing to lend a kind and helping hand. I turned round to look at them after they had passed, and compared with a smile the profiles of the two companions. Mozart's mountainous nose almost touched the tip of the chin of his friend, the latter being several inches taller than little Wolfgang. Mozart held him by the wrist, and they disappeared thus engaged in conversation round one of the wooded walks of the Prater.

"One evening in the month of August—early in the month; I think about the 7th or 8th, as far as I can recollect—I received a visit from Schickaneder and Stadler. They sat smoking and talking in my room for some time, and their conversation was entirely on the subject of the new opera, its probable success, and the means whereby they might conceal from the composer the treachery of which they had been guilty; for, doubtless, you know that Mozart had generously given the *Zauberflöte* to Schickaneder for his benefit, under the promise that no copies were to be privately disposed of among the other theatres in the metropolis or in the country. This engagement had been broken through by Schickaneder; for he had furnished several managers with the score of the opera, and he had thus secured a handsome sum for himself.

"This conversation interested me, though I was not personally concerned in the transaction, and on that occasion Schickaneder entertained me and his companion with many anecdotes illustrative of the peculiar temper and taste of Mozart.

"Coarse fellow, and grotesque in the extreme as he was, he could enter into the minutest point of interest and peculiarity of character; and intimately acquainted as he was, too, with the private habits of the composer, he was able to give the most admirable sketches of his ways, his manners, his restless fits of wandering to and fro, his feverish fidgets when the brain was in labor of an air or an opera, and the most salient points were further illuminated by mimicry of the highest order; that power of imitation which nearly rises into inspiration, and appears capable of transfusing the very being, the thoughts, the powers almost, of another into the spirit of the actor for the brief instant of representation.

"Schickaneder had known 'old Leopold,' as he called him, the father of Mozart, for many years; and he was especially happy in the performance of a scene supposed to take, or rather asserted to have taken, place between father and son at a carnival ball, when Mozart, whose animal spirits at times rose above all control, enacted the part of Punchinello, and annoyed the more prudent parent by making in that character a deeper impression on society than old Leopold's circumspection deemed desirable.

"Do you know," said Hofer, after pausing for a few moments, "the struggles and distresses of genius are to me as a veritable vision of purgatory. Many, many were the clouds and billows that obstructed that spirit ere it took its white-winged flight to the stars, and enthroned itself in the everlasting serene of immortality."

Here Hofer paused, and remained silent for many minutes. At last he resumed his narrative saying—

"You doubtless know the supernatural tradition of the stranger that visited Mozart, and who ordered him to write a requiem, to be ready by a certain day, and for which a certain sum was to be paid?"

Vaughan bowed in silence.

"Ah," replied Hofer, "who shall dare to raise the veil that shrouds the inner holy of holies of genius from the vulgarizing gaze and comments of lower and coarser natures? This I will tell you, however, that the wonderful organization of Mozart was one apt to tremble and vibrate beneath a breath, a touch that would not have made another quiver or swerve one tittle from its usual calm. I learnt that night from Schickaneder that two years before they had attended a masquerade together; that on that occasion he had seen the terrible superstition wherewith the poor, frail-hearted genius was cursed, and what had particularly recalled it to his mind was the fact that that very day Mozart had met him in the public walk, had drawn him aside, and had told him that the figure of the masqued fortune-teller who had prophesied his future fate to him at the masquerade two years before had appeared to him, and, lifting its disguise from its face, had shown him that of pale death, while the words '*Requiem aeternam*' were breathed, more than spoken, by the unearthly messenger, sent, he believed, to warn him of his end. He appeared to be extremely nervous and depressed when he spoke of it, and added, that after starting up from his sleep, and walking to and fro in his room, he lay down again to rest, and that, while sleeping, a chorus of supernatural sweetness had sung to him a service for the dead—parts of which had escaped him, but parts of which he remembered still; and he had sung to Schickaneder a few bars of the tenderest and saddest melody. Schickaneder had laughed at him, not believing himself in anything of supernatural agency; but with wild and mournful earnestness Mozart had persisted in the truth of the visionary choir, and continued to repeat in a low tone, the words—'*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.*'"

"The strong nerves and reckless, healthy spirit of the actor could not realize the morbid and miserable presentiment that hovered gloomily over the mind of the musician.

"Of that word, presentiment," said Hofer, looking steadfastly at Vaughan, "how little is comprehended by those who use it most glibly. The warning voice that fills the secret chambers of the imagination with a dread of coming woe and death, whence doth it arise? for what purpose? What spirit, good or evil, dare thus thrust its advising, its foreboding influence, between man and his fate? Rarely has a presentiment turned aside the blow that was to fall. The fated being feels—hears, as it were, the dread rustling of the wings of the coming Azrael; but he walks without stumbling to the encounter, and the warning voice has failed in its mission. Whence do these powers of prophecy arise, if we listen with our hands bound with the strong chains of fatality? I have known a man leave his home to take but a short excursion of pleasure, and with his eyelids as wet, ere he said farewell to his wife, as if he were bound for a field like the great Waterloo. He knew that he should return no more; but he *went*, and he was killed that afternoon in a pleasure-ground by an accident.

"Well, I must tell you of the end of this adventure. Schickaneder and Stadler remained talking of the dark stories of dreams, witchcraft, and wonders of *diablerie*; and, on Stadler doubting the truth

of the story told him by Schickaneder, of Mozart's superstitious dread excited by his late dream, Schickaneder protested that he would wager a considerable sum of money on the subject, and that he would half kill Mozart with fright by a trick, which would convince all Vienna of his foolish belief in supernatural agency."

"'There are,' he said, 'no bounds to the silliness of those who believe in the miraculous. I will engage to make Mozart believe that the evil one has come to him in person, and has made him promise him a requiem, to be ready by a certain day. Yes, I will wager you a hundred—two hundred francs—what you will.'

"'I accept it,' said Stadler, 'with all my heart, and I will fix the bet at two hundred and twenty francs.'

"'Done!' said Schickaneder. 'You leave Vienna to-morrow, I know, and so you will not interfere with, or disturb in any way, my arrangements. I will engage to furnish Vienna with a farce of my own at Mozart's expense.'

"They continued to talk for some time after this, and at last they left my house very late, having smoked and drunk for several hours in my upper room.

"It was on the following day, about five in the afternoon, that I saw Schickaneder again. He came, he said, to ask a favor of me; and on my saying that I would do anything in my power to serve him, (for the man was a favorite of mine,) he told me that he wished for my assistance in a trick that he was going to play to a friend. He described to me the part that he wished me to play. I was to be dressed in a suit of mourning with which he was to provide me. I was to go at night-fall to Mozart's dwelling, ask an audience, and enter his room with my hat slouching over my brows. I was not to remove it. I was to refuse to give my name. I was to offer any sum, and to name the day when it was to be finished. Schickaneder made me rehearse my part till I was perfect in it, and we performed it together, I acting the part of the mysterious visitant; he performing the terror-stricken artist to the life. I felt extremely amused, and longed to see the result of my *début*. It never occurred to me that real fear could be caused by so paltry a trick.

"It was on Thursday, the 11th of August, that I went to Mozart's house. It was about eight o'clock, and he was at supper with his wife. I said that I must see him, for my business was urgent; and as I stood waiting his approach, I myself became impressed with the idea—weak and foolish enough, too—that I was an appointed means of warning him of his coming end; and this, I feel sure, lent a solemnity and terror to my words and manner that they could not otherwise have possessed. I was left for some time alone, and I had time to examine the room of the genius. There was in one corner an open harpsichord, with a piece of manuscript music on the desk. A silk handkerchief, stained with ink, lay beside it, and a handful of flowers, faded with the heat, were tossed in a withered heap within the leaves of a copy of the *Zauberflöte*. He had been altering some of the concerted pieces to suit the fancy of Schickaneder, who made his appearance in the following month as Papageno, in the opera I have just mentioned. I stood immovable in the centre of the room, waiting anxiously for the appearance of my victim. Suddenly, without, I heard the voice of Schickaneder. He was in the house, and he accompanied Mozart

to the door of the room in which I was. He stood at the entrance speaking cheerfully to the composer; and I retreated to the darkest corner of the room, almost wishing to make my escape unseen, when Mozart entered, and I saw in the pale twilight the faint outline of his head and form. He approached, and I rose and came forward. He spoke first in German. He said,—

"'I regret having kept you waiting, sir; what are your commands?'

"I replied in German. My speech was at that time slightly tintured with a foreign accent, from having lived so long out of my native country. I suppose that this gave my voice and words a peculiarity that made them impressive. I have often thought that I might have succeeded as an actor; for I know not why, but I have observed through life that a chance word, or a look from me, has been held to contain much more meaning than I ever intended to give, and I imagine that this is owing to my appearance, manner, voice—my exterior in short, without any corresponding power in my internal being. It has led me into many strange positions, but I shall only mention this one for the present.

"My reply to Mozart was couched in the words agreed on between Schickaneder and myself. He had prepared me for the scene I had to perform; and I could not help marvelling at the power of close imitation possessed by the actor, when I heard and saw the face, voice, and manners of our victim. He listened to my reply, which consisted only of the words,—

"'I have come to request you to write a requiem;' and approaching me he said, in an uncertain voice, inclining his head forward as if anxious to inspect my face more closely,—

"'May I ask for what personage of distinction?'

"Now Schickaneder had prepared me for this question, as one of the very first, probably, that would be put to me, and my reply had been dictated by him. I answered slowly,—

"'You have said rightly; it will be for a *personage of distinction*, but I cannot reveal the name to you.'

"He was silent. Fear entered into him at that instant, the fear that dogged his steps; a hell-hound of superstition to the last instant of his life. He spoke at last in a husky and quivering voice,—

"'What are the terms you propose?'

"'Name them,' I replied. Mozart paused, and said,—

"'It is, then, for a prince?'

"'For a *person of distinction*,' I replied, very pointedly. He paused, and then turned quickly round on one heel, saying,—

"'How! a requiem for a living man?'

"I remained silent.

"'What say you to a requiem for a living man?' he repeated, rather impatiently.

"I replied as Schickaneder had told me to do,—

"'I can answer no questions; the requiem *must* be ready for a certain day, for it will be wanted.'

"'For a certain day!' said Mozart. 'What day?'

"'You shall name it,' I replied.

"He paused, staring at me, and then suddenly asked me to sit down, going to the door and calling on his wife,—

"'Stänerl! Stänerl! a light here!'

"He called twice, but his request was un-

attended to. She was out just then—the poor, loving Constance! He came back, and again asked me to sit down; for I was standing in the same place, preparing to leave the room as soon as it was possible. I was obliged to keep up my character, you see, and I remained motionless, feeling that my presence, my words, were as terrible to my listener as those of a supernatural messenger. There was to me a certain degree of vivid pleasure in this position; and I imagine that the arch-rogué Cagliostro was very much of my way of thinking and feeling when he be-fooled Europe, and crowned quackery bowed down before him. I found that brevity made the deepest mystery in my case, and my great desire was to leave the room as soon as possible. I moved towards Mozart, who retreated from me as fast as I drew near him. At last he was pinned to the wall; his eyes were fixed on mine; I could hardly see the face or expression—nothing but the large nose, the most prominent feature of the kind that could be seen on any face in Vienna. I was near the door, and a table was placed to the right of where I stood. I laid down a purse containing twenty ducats, (Schickaneder had borrowed the greater part of this from a cousin, who assisted him sometimes in his necessities,) and as I did so I said,—

"Here are twenty ducats; you shall have as many more when it is finished. The time you must name."

"I will send it—I will send the requiem," said Mozart, hurriedly; "give me your address."

"I merely shook my head, and remained silent."

"Then to whom shall I transmit it?" he cried.

"To myself," I replied, quietly. "I shall come to receive it when it is ready: name your day."

"He was silent for several minutes; he seemed incapable of speaking."

"I am engaged—very busily engaged," he said, at last, with hesitation. "I will endeavor to have it done—this autumn; why, this month, if you will."

"I bowed in silence, but still waited for the day being specially mentioned. He seemed agonized with some very strong feeling of dread or anger. I wondered then, I wonder still, that he did not detect the charlatan before him, and dismiss me with a good beating; but my deportment was too imposing to permit an imaginative victim to escape its influence, and Mozart remained with his back glued to the wall, despair in his voice, and tears, I am almost sure, in his eyes, if I could have seen at all distinctly. He hesitated a good deal: at last he said—

"I go to Prague in September; I am occupied in writing an opera for the coronation festival there. You see that I have a great deal on hand; but your offer shall be—must be accepted, I suppose. Yes, I accept it; and on the 3d of September you shall have it."

"I bowed slowly and left the room, unaccompanied by Mozart, who remained standing, leaning against the wall, and let me depart without another word."

"I went to Schickaneder; he laughed heartily over my detailed account of the whole scene, and told me that I must go again on the 3d of September to claim the promised requiem. He was now anxious to make a good sum of money by it, for he prophesied that the result of this nervous agony would be the finest piece of sacred music yet produced by Mozart. He said that he would dispose of it in England, where he might hope to get a larger sum for it than anywhere else; and at such

a distance his treachery was less likely to be found out. I promised to perform his bidding in September, and in the mean time he gave me a good deal of employment in copying out the orchestral and vocal parts of the new opera which was to be brought out the following month. I had no news of the requiem for three weeks nearly, but on the 3d I again went to Mozart's house, after assuming the same black dress I had worn on the first occasion. Schickaneder had come to my house on the evening of the 2d of September to tell me that Mozart, he had just heard, was to leave for Prague on the following day instead of the 5th, which had been his first intention—that, therefore, I must go by daylight next morning to claim the music, and that I must on no account let the opportunity slip, as he wished to have it in print as soon as possible. I went on the morning of the 3d to the composer's house; I requested an audience, and insisted on obtaining it. Three times he sent a woman-servant to know my name and my business: I refused to mention either. Mozart was at this moment on the point of departure for Prague. He was going with his wife and Süßmayer, his pupil; and I saw the two latter engaged in filling the vehicle in which they were to travel, and in which he wrote many of the best parts of the *Clemenza di Tito*. Composing to him was hardly a labor; his brain threw off music as naturally as fire does heat and light. That harmonious organization thought: melody and poetry as others do in unmusical pros. This was the secret of his marvellous industry, as people called it. It was not industry, but the facile prodigality of his nature venting itself in a thousand different channels—some sparkling with sunshine, others grave with shadows; and the brilliant torrent of his genius passed through all with an equal triumph, and it rings in our ears still with a lordly voice that time itself shall try in vain to silence."

"I stood, you must know, near the entrance, from which spot I could see the carriage, and I knew that he could not leave the house without passing me. At last he came, brushed past me, and sprang into the carriage. His wife was following him, but ran back to get something that she had forgotten. He called her impatiently twice, and I then came forward and stood before him. I put my hand on the door, and leaning forward I fixed my eyes steadily on those of Mozart. His face expressed the wildest terror; his cheeks were haggard and sunken; his eyes glared wide on me, and he seemed incapable of addressing me. I said to him—

"Is the requiem finished?"

"No! no!" he exclaimed, vehemently; "I have not finished it, but I promise it in a month."

"I am satisfied," I replied; and I drew back, lifting my forefinger slowly, and saying, "On the 3d of October I shall come."

"His wife entered the carriage; I did not stop to see their departure, but returned home, wondering at the power that I wielded over one so superior to other men in talent."

"And you went again?" said Vaughan, anxiously.

"No," said Hofer; "that was my last interview with the composer. When Mozart returned from Prague he found out the treachery of Schickaneder—not, however, till after the first performance of the *Zauberflöte*. It was then disclosed to the composer that the manager had disposed in secret of a number of copies, and though Mozart's only exclamation was, 'The knave!' yet there was good reason to suppose that Mozart was about to

call him to account, with the help of the law, for his dishonesty; and Schickaneder told me that he wished no more to be said or done in the matter in which I had been engaged.

"Now I will tell you of the last time that I saw Mozart: it was on the day that his 'Praise of Friendship' was performed at the Freemasons' meeting. It was received with a triumphant welcome, and I happened to be seated in a place from which I could distinctly see the face of Mozart. It was flushed with the gladness of a glorious success, and in that beaming face I could hardly have recognized the wan countenance I had looked on a few weeks before.

"This last glimpse I had of him was in the middle of November. From that day until the 21st of the same month he enjoyed the full sweets of his position as the greatest living composer. Numbers of orders for music of all kinds flowed in on him, and he stood smiling in the parting gleam of life's festal sunshine. But on the 21st he was taken ill: he had finished the 'Requiem' that day, and the fact of no one coming to claim it persuaded him more firmly that it was for himself. He told this to my cousin Hofer, his brother-in-law, who tried to laugh him out of the belief of his approaching death; but the story got about in Vienna, and

Schickaneder claimed his bet with Stadler, who returned to Vienna from Berlin on the following 1st of December. If I had been on good terms with Hofer I should have been much tempted to tell the truth to him, and thus relieve the dying man of his fears; but I did not feel disposed to do so, and I let things remain as they were. I will confess to you that my own impression in after years was that Schickaneder, knowing that his crop of golden eggs was at an end, disliked the idea of another profiting by his detection. Mozart had entered into an engagement to write three operas for Karl Behrlich, the manager of a rival theatre. Schickaneder knew that he was liable to heavy punishment for what he had done; he was drowned in debt, and the triumph of possessing Mozart's last opera was too profitable a pleasure to be given up to another. Unless Mozart wrote another opera, nothing could eclipse the *Zauberflöte*; and he might hold all audiences captive with Mozart's last work, if Mozart died. If he lived, the scene would be changed. I believe that a diabolical prudence made Schickaneder poison him."

"How!" cried Vaughan.

"I cannot tell you *that*," replied Hofer; "but I will believe anything rather than that I frightened him to death."

NEW AND EXTRAORDINARY PRINTING MACHINE.—An account is given of a new machine, exhibited on Monday week, at Paris, that promises to throw the printing presses of the *Times*, hitherto the wonder of the age, into the shade. The following is a description:—"It consists of a series of lateral cylinders, and occupies little more than half the space of the American machine with which *La Patrie* is printed, costs less than half the money paid for that, and it is free from the cords and tapes which so frequently throw the machine out of action. The number of men employed for each of these new machines, is only three. The printing is from stereotype, not from the metallic type, and the number of copies thrown off by one machine, per hour, is 15,000. Each cylinder carries a continuous sheet equal to 2,000 copies of a journal, and each copy is cut off by the machine and folded. The paper is not damped; the impression is superior to any produced on damp paper. The stereotyping is an almost miraculous process. In the ordinary course of stereotyping, several hours are required; here it is the work of fifteen minutes. A few sheets of tissue paper are placed together, and passed upon the forms containing the types. Thus the mould is formed, the metal is passed upon it, and as soon as it is cold, the stereotypes are ready for the cylinder. Thus, the wear and tear of the type is avoided, and a fount of type will, of course, be as perfect at the end of the year as at the commencement of it. The total cost of one of these machines, ready for action, is 25,000 francs."—*John Bull*.

THE POET'S LIFE.

BY MRS. STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

His secret life is like an Indian isle,
Where stately trees and fairest blossoms grow;
Where days and nights of cloudless beauty smile,
And scented winds through long, green pathways blow;
Gay woods are there whose verdure doth not fade,
And fountains of delight sing softly in the shade.

And there he dwells, and there the midnight stars
Look down on him like friends; there seldom
sound

The moan of care, the din of worldly wars;
In spells of peace and love that isle is bound;
The very waves that kiss its happy shore
Seem hushed, as if the storm could never wake
them more.

And yet the unresting sea of outward life,
Whose treacherous waters seemed forever hushed,
Hath still its darker hours of storm and strife;
And pain may come where pain for aye seemed
crushed.

Change they may bring to that sweet sunny isle;
Thank God! they mar its beauty only for a while.
The storm may rend a few green boughs away—
May break the tender stems of some fair flowers;
Its louder voice may drown the fountain's play,
Its rage alone be heard a few short hours;
But then must end its mad destructive reign,
And earth is beautiful, and heaven is calm again

Then from that lovely isle there floateth out
Unwonted fragrance o'er the changeeful deep,
Till they who chance to wander there about
Feel strange delight; and eyes long dry will
weep

Such tears as have in them a deeper bliss
Than the unquiet laughter of a world like this.

O, who, because a storm at times may break
O'er that fair scene, could wish one flower the
less!

Who from the poet's life one vision take,
In dread lest after-hours should bring distress?
Fear not for him; no sorrow can destroy
His heaven-implanted sense of beauty and of joy!

He may have cares to duller souls unknown,
And grief we know not be to him revealed;
Fear not for him! his gladness is his own;
New springs of comfort are for him unsealed.
His life is more than ours; to him are given,
Even on this dull earth, thoughts that belong to
heaven!

From the Tribune, 23 May.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION AT SEA—LT. DE HAVEN'S INSTRUCTIONS.

MR. HENRY GRINNELL returned yesterday morning from sea. He accompanied the Arctic Exploring Expedition for three days, in the Pilot Boat Washington, which was politely furnished by Mr. Murphy, one of the Merchant Pilots. They parted company on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, about 40 miles south of Montauk Point, or 125 miles from this place. The officers and men were all in fine spirits and eager to reach the scene of their adventures and explorations. We give the following complete list of the officers and men attached to the Expedition :

THE ADVANCE.

E. J. De Haven, Commander.
Wm. H. Murdaugh, First Officer.
Wm. S. Lovell, Second Officer.
Elisha K. Kane, Surgeon.

Men.

Wm. Morton,	Henry Derode,
James Smith,	Wm. Holmes,
Edward Boyd,	Gibson Caruther,
John Bunnon,	Daniel Vaughan,
Lewis Coster,	Wm. Weast,
Edward Wilson,	Charles Berry,
Thomas Dunning,	Edward C. Delano.

THE RESCUE.

S. P. Griffin, Commander.
R. R. Carter, First Officer.
Henry Brooks, Second Officer.
Benjamin Vreeland, Surgeon.

Men.

Rufus C. Boggs,	J. A. Knap,
John Williams,	Smith Benjamin,
Robert Bruce,	David Davis,
H. G. Wilte,	James Johnson,
Wm. Benson,	James Stewart,
Wm. Lincon,	Alex. Daly,
	W. J. Kurner.

The following is the letter of instructions received by Lieut. De Haven from the Secretary of the Navy :

UNITED STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT, }
Washington, Wednesday, May 15, 1850. }

SIR: Having been selected to command the Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, you will take charge of the two brigantines, the "Advance" and "Rescue," that have been fitted out for that service, and as soon as you are ready, proceed with them to sea, and make the best of your way to Lancaster Sound.

These vessels have been furnished to the government for this service, by the munificence of a private citizen, Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York. You will therefore be careful of them, that they may be returned to their owner in condition. They have been provisioned for three years.

Passed Midshipman S. P. Griffin has been selected to command one of the vessels. You will therefore consider him as your second in command. Confer with him and treat him accordingly.

The chief object of this expedition is to search

for, and if found, afford relief to Sir John Franklin, of the Royal Navy, and his companions.

You will, therefore, use all diligence, and make every exertion to this end, paying attention as you go to subjects of scientific inquiry, only so far as the same may not interfere with the main object of the expedition.

Having passed Barrow Strait, you will turn your attention northward to Wellington Channel, and westward to Cape Walker, and be governed by circumstances as to the course you will then take.

Accordingly you will exercise your own discretion, after seeing the condition of the ice, sea and weather, whether the two vessels shall here separate; one for Cape Walker and the other for Wellington Strait; or whether they shall both proceed together for the one place or the other.

Should you find it impossible, on account of the ice, to get through Barrow Strait, you will then turn your attention to Jones' Sound and Smith's Sound. Finding these closed or impracticable, and failing of all traces of the missing expedition, the season will probably then be too far advanced for any other attempts. If so you will return to New York.

Acquaint Passed Midshipman Griffin, before sailing, and from time to time during the voyage, fully, with all your plans and intentions; and before you sail from New York, appoint a place of rendezvous; change it as often as circumstances may render a change desirable. But always have a place of rendezvous fixed upon; so that in case the two vessels of the expedition may, at any time, become separated, each may know where to look for the other.

Nearly the entire Arctic front of the continent has been scoured without finding any traces of the missing ships. It is useless for you to go there, or to reexamine any other place where search has already been made. You will therefore confine your attention to the routes already indicated.

The point of maximum cold is said to be in the vicinity of Parry Islands.

To the north and west of these there is probably a comparative open sea in summer, and therefore a milder climate.

This opinion seems to be sustained by the fact, that beasts and fowls are seen migrating over the ice from the mouth of Mackenzie river and its neighboring shores to the north. These dumb creatures are probably led, by their wise instincts, to seek a more genial climate in that direction, and upon the borders of the supposed more open sea.

There are other facts elicited by Lieut. Maury, in the course of his investigations touching the winds and currents of the ocean, which go also to confirm the opinion, that beyond the icy barrier that is generally met with in the Arctic Ocean, there is a Polina, or sea free from ice.

You have assisted in these investigations at the National Observatory, and are doubtless aware of the circumstances which authorize this conclusion; it is therefore needless to repeat them.

This supposed open sea and warmer region to the north and west of Parry Islands are unexplored. Should you succeed in finding any opening there, either after having cleared Wellington Strait, or after having cleared Parry Islands by a northwardly course from Cape Walker, enter as far as in your judgment it may be prudent to enter, and search every headland, promontory and conspicuous point, for signs and records of the missing party. Take particular care to avail yourself of every opportunity for leaving, as you go, records and signs to tell of your welfare, progress, and intentions.

For this purpose you will erect flag-staffs, make piles of stones, or other marks in conspicuous places, with a bottle or barrica buried at the base containing your letters.

Should the two vessels be separated, you will direct Passed Midshipman Griffin to do likewise.

Avail yourself of every opportunity, either by the Esquimaux or otherwise, to let the Department hear from you; and in every communication be full and particular as to your future plans and intended route.

If, by any chance, you should penetrate so far beyond the icy barrier as to make it, in your judgment, more prudent to push on than to turn back, you will do so, and put yourself in communication with any of the United States naval forces or officers of the government, serving in the waters of the Pacific or in China, according to your necessities and opportunities. Those officers will be instructed to afford you every facility possible to enable you to reach the Western Coast of the United States in safety.

In the event of your falling in with any of the British searching parties, you will offer them any assistance of which they may stand in need, and which it may be in your power to give. Offer, also, to make them acquainted with your intended route and plans, and be ready to afford them every information of which you may have become possessed concerning the object of your search.

In case your country should be involved in war, during your absence on this service, you will on no account commit, or suffer any one of the expedition to commit, any, the least act of hostility, against the enemy, of whatever nation he may be.

Notwithstanding the directions in which you have been recommended to carry your examinations, you may, on arriving out upon the field of operation, find that by departing from them your search would probably be more effectual.

The Department has every confidence in your judgment, and relies implicitly upon your discretion; and should it appear, during the voyage, that by directing your attention to points not named in this letter, traces of the absent expedition would probably be found, you will not fail to examine such points. But you will on no account uselessly hazard the safety of the vessels under your command, or unnecessarily expose to danger the officers and men committed to your charge.

Unless circumstances should favor you, by enabling you to penetrate, before the young ice begins

to make in the fall, far into the unexplored regions, or to discover recent traces of the missing ships and their gallant crews, or unless you should gain a position from which you could commence operations in the season of 1851 with decided advantages, you will endeavor not to be caught in the ice, during the ensuing winter, but after having completed your examinations for the season make your escape, and return to New York in the fall.

You are especially enjoined not to spend, if it can be avoided, more than one winter in the Arctic regions.

Wishing you and your gallant companions all success in your noble enterprise, and with the trust in God that He will take you and them in His holy keeping,

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

(Signed,) WM. BALLARD PRESTON.

TO EDWIN J. DE HAVEN, Lieut. commanding the American Arctic Expedition, &c. &c. &c., New York.

From the Daily News, 17 May.

COTTON.

In one of its features the commercial intelligence from America is such as is calculated to inspire some uneasiness. The state of the cotton market is becoming more and more critical, and the evil of having but one great source of supply more and more apparent. The continued high price of the raw material has, for some time back, led to embarrassments in portions of the manufacturing districts, and the advices, under the head of cotton, received by each mail, are now looked to with the greatest possible anxiety; for on these advices it depends whether mills that are closed shall resume work, or entail upon their owners the expense of adapting their machinery to the manufacture of other fabrics, or whether those which are still open shall suspend their operations.

The latest news received from Europe gave an additional stimulus to prices in New York. For some months the upward tendency of prices was regarded by many as exclusively the work of speculators, who, to serve their own purposes, were manufacturing reports as to a deficiency of crop. By degrees it became apparent that there was a deficiency, but speculations in Charleston, Liverpool and New York, had still as much to do with the state of the market as had the deficiency. Now, however, the case has been altered somewhat, the high prices demanded being chiefly based upon the ascertained deficiency. The demand has been active on European account in and about New Orleans; but there, as elsewhere, holders are retentive of their stocks, prices being firm, with a still upward tendency, owing not only to the shortness of the crop of 1849, but also to the anticipated deficiency of that of the present year. Up to the latest dates, the deficiency was ascertained to amount to between 500,000 and 600,000 bales. In the export to England alone, it was upwards of 400,000 bales. Taking the consumption of England, as some have estimated it at 30,000 bales a week, this is equal to the consump-

tion of a whole quarter. So great a falling off in the supply has necessarily led to a rise in prices, which has proved ruinous to the manufacturer of the coarser fabrics, the value of which is so greatly affected by any fluctuation in the cost of the raw material. To enhance the difficulty, we are informed that the receipts at the ports continue to fall off rapidly.

So far as regards the crop of the past year. The prospect of that of the present is stated to be of a very gloomy description. Enticed by a brief episode of favorable weather many planters had the seed put early into the field; but the season is represented to have been so adverse since their doing so that the early planters have lost their labor—much, if not all of the cotton, which came up early, having been injured by the cold weather which followed, and which had continued up to the latest dates. The planting season of last year was unfavorable, and to that the present deficiency is partly owing; but not wholly so, for a great deal of the cotton, which, during the early part of the year, promised well along the banks of the Red river, suffered severely from the deluging rains which afterwards fell in that quarter. The present season has been, in its commencement, equally unfavorable; for whilst the crop is represented as within a few days of being as late as last year, the ground is so much colder and more uncongenial than at the corresponding period of 1849, that an equal, if not greater, deficiency of crop is looked for. When fires are found comfortable in Georgia nearly up to the first of May, one need not look for any further proof of an unfavorable planting season.

In connection with the experience of the past, the prospect of the present year is by no means a cheering one for us. The stock in the American ports is now less than it was at the same time last year, after upwards of 400,000 bales more had been delivered to us than we have received of the crop of 1849. This state of things will tend greatly to aggravate the evils of a deficient crop in 1850, should such a misfortune be in store for us. What this may lead to, it is not easy to foretell; for cotton is already about 100 per cent. dearer than it was this time last year. It is true that the price has been universally enhanced, and that the manufacturer of coarse fabrics is everywhere the sufferer; but it is no consolation to us for the distress which such a state of things may entail upon Manchester and its neighborhood, that mills are suspending work and that operatives are unemployed in Lowell.

The lesson read to us by all this is an important one, if we are only wise enough to profit by it. It is some time since we had a crisis in the cotton market so strongly indicative of the folly and the danger of trusting almost exclusively to America for our supplies. In doing so, there are many accidents from which we are liable to suffer, the capriciousness of the season being but one of them. It is that one which has just occurred; and if the

occurrence of it alone has been so sensibly felt, what might we not apprehend from a combination of some or all of them, which is quite possible? We have declined not only to depend upon England alone for our supplies of corn, but to place a dependence for so indispensable a necessary exclusively upon any particular portion of the earth's surface. By throwing our ports open to the whole world we have rendered ourselves, as regards corn, in a measure independent of the uncertainties of the seasons, as the deficiencies of one market are likely to be made up by the superabundance of another. An unfavorable harvest the whole world over would be a most serious, but, fortunately, is not a very probable calamity. If cotton is not food, as corn is, it is the only means of procuring it for thousands of our fellow-countrymen. It now virtually ranks amongst the necessities of life, and it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of copious and steady supplies of it. A material deficiency in the supply of cotton is to Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire, tantamount to a deficiency in the supply of corn. America has a far greater hold upon us, as regards cotton, than she has in respect of corn. Should she fail through accident or design to supply us with corn, there are other sources from which we might provide ourselves. But, should she fail, from whatever cause, as she is now doing, to supply us with abundance of cotton, at low prices, to what other sources can we at present look? There is literally none to which we could at once resort. By the repeal of the corn laws, we have, to a great extent, exempted one of the first necessities of life from being made the subject of the most nefarious gambling transactions which were sometimes produced by, and, at other times promoted, the great and frequently forced fluctuations, which occurred in its price. Yet for cotton, which is now as essential an article of import as corn itself, we are contented to remain absolutely dependent upon one source of supply—and that, as it has more than once proved itself, a precarious one; a state of things which, in addition to putting us at the mercy of numerous accidents, subjects us to all the inconvenience of frequent and considerable fluctuations in price, and of the gambling and speculative transactions to which they give rise. If our present experience will not do it, it is difficult to know what will suffice to arouse us to a sense of our insecurity.

MODE OF FINDING BOG-TIMBER IN IRELAND.—The manner of discovering bog-timber is remarkable. As the dew never lies on those places beneath which trees are buried, a man goes out early in the morning, before the dew evaporates, taking with him a long slender spear. Thrusting this down wherever the absence of dew indicates timber, he discovers by the touch of the spear whether it be decayed or sound; if sound, he marks the spot, and at his leisure proceeds to dig up his prize; and in doing so, he may sometimes happen to discover other curious remains of former times.—*The Heiress in her Minority.*

CONTENTS OF No. 320.

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson, - - -	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> , - - -	1
2. Dr. Copland on Palsy and Apoplexy, - - -	<i>Spectator</i> , - - -	16
3. Calmet's Phantom World, - - -	<i>Do.</i> , - - -	18
4. Lettice Arnold, Chaps. VII.-VIII., - - -	<i>Ladies' Companion</i> , - - -	19
5. Gossip about Children, - - -	<i>Godey's Lady's Book</i> , - - -	34
6. The Story of "The Requiem," - - -	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , - - -	36
7. The Arctic Expedition, - - -	<i>N. Y. Tribune</i> , - - -	45

POETRY: My Christian Name, 33; The Poet's Life, 44.

SHORT ARTICLES: New Printing Machine, 44; Mode of finding Bog-Timber in Ireland, 47.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages, and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS